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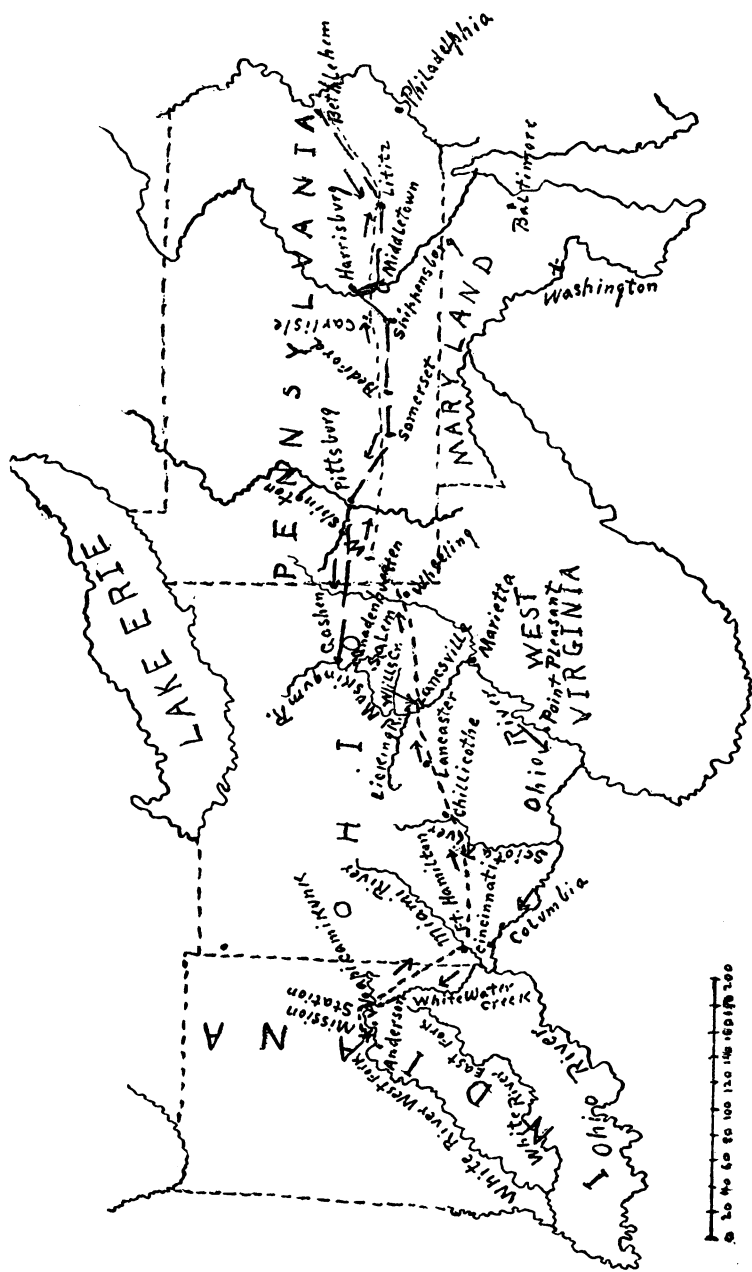
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*Map showing Journey of the Missionaries
From Bethlehem to the White River and return*

A HISTORY
OF THE
Moravian Mission Among the Indians

ON THE
WHITE RIVER IN INDIANA

BY
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PREFACE

For more than a century the historic details connected with the Indian Mission on the White River were locked up in well-preserved German manuscripts in the Provincial Archives of the Moravian Church at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where they were placed when the work had to be abandoned. Little use was made of this wealth of material by historians, with the result that perhaps less is known of this mission than of any other Moravian labors for the conversion of the Indians. Therefore much of what is contained in this first complete history of the White River Mission has never appeared before, and for this reason, many minor details, which otherwise might have been omitted, are mentioned.

At the same time that the history was under preparation, the writer made for the Indiana Historical Society a complete translation of the original diary of the mission and of the many letters which the missionaries wrote to the Helpers' Conference, so the reader of these pages enjoys all the fruits of these necessarily painstaking labors. While the author experienced all the thrills of the pioneer as he made his way through the century-old manuscripts, this privilege did not come to him by right of discovery. It was Professor William N. Schwarze, Ph.D., the Provincial Archivist, who first called attention to this unoccupied field for historic research, and at his suggestion the history was written. All that he did is herewith gratefully acknowledged.

The principal sources of information are: The Mission Diary; Diary of the Missionaries' Journey from Bethlehem to Goshen on the Muskingum, in Ohio; Diary of the Missionaries' Journey from Goshen to the White River; Letters of the Missionaries to the Helpers' Conference; Diary of the Missionaries' Journey from the White River to Bethlehem; Diary of the Goshen Indian Mission; Minutes of the General Helpers' Conference; Reports of the Unity's Elders' Conference; and the Diary of the Bethlehem Moravian Church.

Additional information was found in the following: A written copy of the autobiography of John Peter Kluge; the written

autobiography of Abraham Luckenbach; Drake's Life of Tecumseh; Heckewelder's Indian Nations; Heckewelder's Narrative of Moravian Missions among the Indians; de Schweinitz' Life and Times of David Zeisberger; Loskiel's History of Missions among the Indians of North America; Zeisberger's Diary, 1781-1798, translated by E. P. Bliss; The Lenape and their Legends, by Daniel G. Brinton; Dillon's History of Indiana, and many other works. The writer also gratefully acknowledges the information bearing on the exact location of the Mission Station, Muncie Town and Woapicamikunk, which was given by Arthur W. Brady, Esquire, of Anderson, Indiana.

HARRY E. STOCKER.

South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

INTRODUCTORY

MORAVIAN MISSIONS AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

The Moravians began their missionary labors among the Indians of North America in the colony of Georgia, where they had secured two grants of land, one of five hundred acres on the Ogeechee River, and another of fifty acres near the city of Savannah. Under the able leadership of the gifted August Gottlieb Spangenberg, formerly professor in Jena and Halle, a colony of ten arrived in Savannah, February 6, 1735. Another company of twenty persons from Herrnhut, led by David Nitschmann, came soon after. Among the latter were the parents of David Zeisberger. Their son, whose distinguished service of sixty-three years among his Brown Brethren won him the sobriquet, "Apostle to the Indians," came later.

Mission work was begun at once among the Creeks and Cherokees. A school for Indian children was established on the island of Irene, about five miles from Savannah. The Indians were fairly receptive to the gospel and at first the prospects for the success of the mission were encouraging, but after a period of about four years, war between England and Spain, with its attendant Indian hostilities, made it necessary, for the time being, to abandon the work. In the spring of 1740, the Moravian colony was transferred to what is now Nazareth, Pennsylvania. Later attempts to christianize the Cherokees were attended with indifferent success.

In July, 1740, Christian Heinrich Rauch, a twenty-two-year-old Moravian, arrived in the city of New York, where he made the acquaintance of two drunken Mohican Indians, by the name of Wasamapah* or Tschoop and Schabasch, whom he accom-

*A gifted, but profligate Chief of the Mohicans, who became one of the most distinguished Indian converts won by the Moravians. He was known as Job among the traders. Some German, unacquainted with English, mentioned this name in a written report, spelling it as he pronounced it, and Wasamapah became familiarly known as "Tschoop," some people

panied to their village Schekomeko, where his earnest proclamation of the gospel soon bore fruit. Two years later four Indians, with Wasamapah and Schabasch among the number, received Christian baptism. At the close of the year 1742, there were thirty-one Christian Indians.

The missionaries Pyrlaeus, Buettner and Mack were sent to Rauch's assistance, and in a short time the work spread to Connecticut, where flourishing stations sprung into existence in the Indian villages of Pachgatgoch, Wechquadnach and Gnadensee. Wherever the Word of God was preached, it was received with joy. Meanwhile Satan likewise bestirred himself. Unscrupulous whites, whose nefarious liquor traffic suffered from the spread of the gospel among the Indians, charged the missionaries with being Papists in disguise and enemies of Great Britain. The missionaries were ready enough to deny the charge, and willing, too, to affirm their allegiance to England, but they were not prepared to take an oath, for conscientious reasons. Thereupon the New York Assembly made the oath of allegiance obligatory and declared "vagrant preachers, Moravians or disguised Papists" subject to a fine of forty pounds and six months' imprisonment, and expulsion from the colony, if the offense should be repeated. When the Brethren Christian Frederick Post and David Zeisberger went to New York to study the Indian language, they were arrested as spies and imprisoned for seven weeks.

Under these adverse circumstances it was impossible to carry on the work, and the missionaries were withdrawn. Quite a number of the Christian Indians followed their teachers to eastern Pennsylvania, in 1746. They located at a place near Bethlehem and called it Friedenshuetten. Unable to find sufficient support in this neighborhood, the Brethren purchased for them two hundred acres of land at the point where the Mahoning empties its waters into the Lehigh, about thirty miles above Bethlehem. The Christian village received the name of Gnadens-

mistakenly thinking that this was an Indian word. His baptismal name was John. He was thoroughly converted, and immediately after his baptism in April, 1742, he became a valuable assistant to the missionaries. He was an eloquent speaker, and Bishop Spangenberg declared that he had the countenance of a Luther. August 27, 1746, Tschoop died of small-pox, in Bethlehem, Pa., where he was buried in the Moravian grave-yard.

huetten on the Mahoni. In a short time the new settlement had five hundred inhabitants. The mission prospered in every way until the year 1755, when war broke out between England and France. The heathen Indians joined the French and engaged in a campaign of wholesale murder and pillage. They made an unexpected attack on defenseless Gnadenhuetten, burned the mission buildings, and ten missionaries and their wives, besides a child, became a prey to their savage cruelty. The Christian Indians, about six hundred in all, were scattered in all directions, some of them finding refuge at Bethlehem and Nazareth.

Some of the fugitives settled Nain, near Bethlehem, and Wechquetank* on the north side of the Blue Mountains, but the sentiment of the white settlers was strongly against the Indians, whether Christian or heathen, and, as a result of it, one hundred and forty members of these congregations were dragged to Philadelphia, where they and their teachers languished in prison for one whole year (1764-1765). Many of them died of small-pox. Those who survived the imprisonment decided to push into the wilderness to get away from the white people, and consequently accepted the invitation of Papunhank, an Indian prophet who had been converted under the ministrations of Zeisberger, to accompany him to the junction of the Wyalusing and the Susquehanna, in what is now Bradford County. As a result, the flourishing settlement of Friedenshuetten sprung into existence at that place, in 1765. This mission won a great many converts among the heathen. Three years later Zeisberger founded a new station on the Allegheny and called it Friedensstaedt. Among the converts gained here was the renowned chieftain and orator, named Glikkikan.†

*Wechquetank consisted of a tract of 1400 acres within the present limits of Monroe County, Pennsylvania. The mission was begun with thirty baptized Indians under Missionary Gottlob Sensemann, in April, 1760. It was abandoned three years later as a result of Pontiac's War.

†Glikkikan was a sachem renowned as a warrior and an orator of great ability. Having silenced the Jesuits many a time, and Protestant missionaries as well, he went to the mission-house on the Allegheny River for the express purpose of vanquishing the Christian teacher in argument, but Christ touched his heart and he became a Christian. He became an efficient

In 1771, Zeisberger visited the Delawares in the Tuscarawas Valley of Ohio and preached to them the first evangelical sermon delivered in that State. The Grand Council of the Delawares decided to put a large tract of land in the Tuscarawas at the disposal of the Christian Indians and formally invited the congregations at Friedenshuetten and Friedensstaedt to come and settle on it. The invitation was accepted and in due time mission stations were established at Schoenbrunn, Gnadenhuetten, Lichtenau and Salem. The Brethren Sensemann, Jung, John Heckewelder and Edwards assisted Zeisberger in his labors here. It was a time of unexampled prosperity until the year 1781, when the Revolutionary War broke out and the Christian Indians and their teachers were driven out of the Tuscarawas Valley. Four hundred of them were dragged into the wilderness and left to their fate on the Sandusky. After much suffering, one hundred and fifty Indians begged permission in February, 1782, to return to their plundered settlements to gather what they could find of their harvests. The result was the Gnadenhuetten massacre, in which twenty-nine men, twenty-seven women and thirty-four children lost their lives.

A number of scattered Christian Indians found refuge among the Delawares on the White River, in what is now Indiana, while others established themselves eventually at Fairfield, Canada. A number of the latter found their way back to Ohio, in 1798, and established Goshen, which existed until the year 1823, when the few who still remained removed to Fairfield. In 1837, a number of Fairfield Christians accompanied the missionaries Vogler and Miksch to Kansas, where New Westfield was established among the Delawares. This work did not prosper, and eventually Moravian labors among the Indians at this place as well as at Fairfield, ceased.

helper and rendered great service to the mission in spite of the bitter persecutions to which he was subjected by his chief and former friends. His Christian name was Isaac. He perished in the Gnadenhuetten massacre, in 1782.

THE MORAVIAN MISSION AMONG THE INDIANS ON THE WHITE RIVER IN INDIANA

CHAPTER I

HOW THE MISSION CAME TO BE ESTABLISHED

In the twilight of the eighteenth century, smoke might have been seen curling its way from the peaked roofs of the thatched huts of Indians living on the White River in what is now the State of Indiana. At least a thousand Indians had their homes in this vicinity. Of these the majority were Delawares, living in nine different villages which lay about five miles apart. This region they regarded as their ancient seat*, consequently, when driven westward by the encroachments and treachery of the whites, they settled here with the hope of rekindling their national council fire. Woapicamikunk (White River town), situated about three miles east of the present city of Muncie and lying on the same side of the river, was their principal town.

Unfortunately an unquenchable thirst for whisky wrought fearful havoc among them. In winter they would go five or six days' journey into the woods to hunt and after their return in late spring or early summer, they would spend most of their time in debauchery. They would often drag a hundred gallons of whisky into one of their towns, and after they once had a taste of it, they would not stop until the last drop was gone. They would not only give their last cent for the terrible intoxicant, but even the shirts from their backs. After some of their

*According to their own tradition, the Delaware Indians originally resided in the extreme western part of the American continent, whence they emigrated eastward. When a powerful tribe living in the Mississippi River valley disputed their way, they joined the Iroquois in a war against it and succeeded in driving out the enemy, whereupon the conquerors took possession of the country, the Iroquois choosing the lands in the vicinity of the great lakes, and the Delawares settling on those to the south. Here they claimed to have lived for hundreds of years. Gradually they moved east, where they made the Delaware River the center of their possessions.

carousals it was no uncommon sight to see a large number of Indians without a shred of clothing to their name. The war-chiefs themselves were guilty of drunkenness and even had whisky brought into the villages where their wives dispensed it to the people.

The Delawares were indolent and for the most part unambitious. All the work was done by the women, whose principal occupation was cutting and bringing in the fire wood, tilling the ground, sowing and reaping the grain, pounding the corn for their pottage and bread, and in season making maple sugar. Apart from simple cooking, their household labors were few. Much of the outside work was considerably lightened and at the same time made enjoyable by having a "bee" or frolic. Both the men and the women were greatly attached to their children and relatives. Gossiping, deceitfulness and lying were common faults. Whatever their character may have been before they came in contact with the white man, it is certain that they were a very degraded people when they lived on the White River. David Zeisberger,* who gave the best years of his life to mis-

*David Zeisberger, "the apostle of the Delawares," was born in Zauchtenthal, Bohemia, in 1721. When he was five years old, his parents fled to Herrnhut, for conscience' sake, and later emigrated to Georgia, whither sixteen-year-old David followed them from Holland, where he had been placed in school. From Georgia he went to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where he was converted. He consecrated himself to the cause of missions among the Indians. In New York, where he had gone to perfect himself in the Indian language, he was arrested as a spy and imprisoned for two months. Soon after his release from prison, he accompanied Bishop Spangenberg to Onondaga, the capital of the Six Nations, where he built a mission-house and was made keeper of the Grand Council archives. He was greatly beloved by the Indians, whom he called his "Brown Brethren." The Iroquois adopted him into their tribe and he was enrolled as a member of the Turtle clan. He was also naturalized by the Monseys. Through his labors, extending over sixty-three years, many hundreds of savages were led to embrace a consistent Christian life. He was fluent in the Delaware, Mohawk and Onondaga languages and familiar with many Indian dialects. His literary labors include a translation of the Bible and the Moravian hymn-book into Delaware, the compilation of a German-Delaware dictionary, and the composition of Onondaga and Delaware grammars. His itinerary led him to labor in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Canada. His Indian name

sionary labors among the Delawares, regarded them as the most ordinary and vile of savages. They were said to have been more opposed to the gospel than any other Indian nation, which is not surprising, perhaps, when we remember that so many Christian converts from among their number were massacred in cold blood.*

Three tribes comprised the Delaware nation. They were the Turtle or Unami, the Turkey or Unalachtgo, and the Wolf or Minsi, which has been corrupted into Monsey. According to an ancient custom, the chief selected from the Turtle tribe was the head of the nation. This man was called the Peace Chief. As such he could neither go to war nor receive the war belt or string of dark wampum, which signified a declaration of hostilities. At the time of our history, Tedpachsit or Tatapachkse, a quiet, inoffensive and harmless man of sixty or more, was the Head Chief, having been elected to this position not long after the murder of his predecessor by Colonel David Williamson's party near Pittsburgh, in 1782. Though he never became a Christian, he was a man of fairly good character and had as such the best interests of his people at heart. In 1802, accompanied by a number of his warriors, he visited in the city of Washington and, on his way home, stopped for a while at Lititz, where he was entertained in the most hospitable manner by the Brethren.

Tedpachsit was assisted in the rule of his people by the war-chiefs, Pachgantschihilas or Pakantchilas and Hockingpomsga. The latter was renowned as a witch-doctor. He was not only given to drink but dealt in whisky and derived from this nefarious traffic his only source of income. Needless to say, he was no friend of the Christian or white man. Pachgantschihilas was an aged and renowned warrior and a hardened pagan, strongly opposed to the conversion of his people to Christianity. Whatever he said in favor of Christianity or Chris-

was Ganousseracheri, which means "*on the pumpkin*." Zeisberger died, in 1808, at Goshen, on the Muskingum River, Ohio.

*The two principal massacres were the one of Gnadenhuetten on the Mahoni in Pennsylvania, in 1755, and that of Gnadenhuetten on the Muskingum in Ohio, in 1782.

tian teachers was therefore sheer pretense. A great amount of shrewdness combined with unusual oratorical ability made him an influential factor among the Indians. They regarded him as their Washington. His address* to the Moravian Indians some time before the Gnadenhuetten massacre on the Muskingum is a striking evidence of his farsightedness, for in it he tried his best to persuade them to remove from the Tuscarawas to a place of safety. "I admit," said he, "that there are good white men, but they bear no proportion to the bad. The bad must be the stronger for they rule. They do what they please. They enslave those who are not of their color. They would make slaves of us, if they could, but as they cannot do it, they kill us. There is no faith to be placed in their words. They are not like the Indians, who are only enemies while at war, and are friends in peace. They will say to an Indian, 'My friend—My brother!' They will take him by the hand and at the same time destroy him. And so you (addressing the Christian Indians) will also be treated by them before long. Remember that this day I have warned you to beware of such friends as these. I know the long knives; they are not to be trusted." His words were prophetic; in eleven short months they were fulfilled.†

*Heckewelder's *History of the Indian Nations*, pp. 80-81.

†In the beginning of the year 1771, the Grand Council of the Delawares in the Tuscarawas Valley invited the Christian Indians of Friedenshuetten, Pennsylvania, to come to Ohio, where they might occupy lands, which would never be "sold under their feet to the white people." Chief Netawatwes or King Newcomer was the recognized head of the Delawares at this time. The invitation was accepted and the mission station of Schoenbrunn on the Tuscarawas was the result. The next year other Pennsylvania converts came, who established Gnadenhuetten ten miles down the valley. Three years later, Lichtenau was commenced, but it had to be given up after the third year of its existence, because it happened to be in the war-path of the hostile Indians. Its place was taken by Salem, which was founded five miles below Gnadenhuetten.

Netawatwes joined the Christians, and in every way it was a flourishing time for the mission. Then the Revolutionary War broke out. Unfortunately, both the British and the Americans looked upon the mission Indians with distrust, the former because a large number of the Delawares would not join their standards, and the latter because they claimed that the Indians sympathized with the English. In September, 1781, the

Not all the Delawares on the White River were heathen. Quite a number of baptized Indians had fled westward after the Gnadenhuetten massacre and made their home there. Many of these lapsed into heathenism but not a few remained loyal to the faith. Among the latter was an old man named Isaac, who used to live in Gnadenhuetten, where he served as an official lay-helper. This aged convert would not attend the sacrificial feasts of the Indians. He called them the Devil's Feasts. According to the testimony of some White River Indians, he observed the Christian Sabbath by singing hymns and by praying, and preached about God becoming man to the young people, who heard him gladly. In 1798, he rejoiced to hear that a number of fugitive Christian Indians had returned from Canada and, under the leadership of Zeisberger and Mortimer, had established the Goshen mission on the Muskingum. Old and decrepit, it was impossible for him to undertake the sixteen days' journey to Goshen, greatly as he would have enjoyed the privilege, but he earnestly urged others to go in order that they might better hear what he tried to tell them.

British took all the Christian Indians prisoners and led them away. The mission houses were plundered and destroyed. At the Sandusky the captives were deserted. With barely any provisions, they passed through a dreadful winter. In spring, a hundred and fifty Christian Indians returned to the Tuscarawas Valley for the purpose of gathering what they could find of their harvest.

When about to return to their brethren on the Sandusky, Colonel Williamson, in command of ninety American soldiers, came upon the scene, charged the peaceful Indians with the murder of the William Wallace family and with other outrages, and mercilessly murdered in cold blood ninety Christians and six visiting heathen Indians. Two boys alone escaped. The Schoenbrunn Indians received warning and fled to the Sandusky. From here a number of the converts went to Michigan, where they remained four years at New Gnadenhuetten, which they founded. When they left here, they located temporarily at Pilgerruh on the Cuyahoga, and in 1787 they settled at New Salem on the Petquoting or Huron River of Ohio. For fear that there might be another massacre in store for them, they emigrated to Canada, in April, 1792, where they established the mission at Fairfield, on what is now the River Thames. In August, 1798, Zeisberger and wife and Benjamin Mortimer, together with seven Indian families, returned to the beautiful Tuscarawas Valley, and founded the Goshen mission on the Muskingum, about two miles from the former site of Schoenbrunn. (See Hamilton's History of Moravian Missions.)

The fact that the missionaries Kluge and Luckenbach never mention Isaac would indicate that they never came across him. It is quite likely that he had died before they arrived. This same man used to be a great enemy of the gospel. While still a heathen, under the guise of friendship, he at one time attempted to kill David Zeisberger and he would have been successful, too, had not another Indian providentially interfered. The few baptized refugees who, like Isaac, remained faithful may have entertained the hope of a return to the Muskingum some day or of having missionaries come to them, but, strange to say, they had nothing to do with the founding of the mission on the White River.

As far as is known, the first communication in regard to missionary work in Indiana Territory passed between the Indians and the Moravians in the year 1797. In the diary* for that year, which Zeisberger kept at Fairfield, we read under date of October seventh: "From the Miami we learned through Abel,† who came from there, where he had visited friends, that the chief, Tedpachxit, had the wish that the Brethren would come to them and preach Christ's gospel. This was pleasant news to us, which we should have been glad to hear for a long time. We had thought of soon sending a deputation to him." On the sixteenth, he wrote: "Having had news from the Miami which seemed as if the Indians there were longing to hear the Word of God, we sent thither Bill Henry‡ with a couple of young men on a visit to get more exact information about this. They set out thither today by water, with our blessing."

November eleventh, he wrote: "At the Lord's Supper, Adam was again a partaker, after two years, both to our joy and to that of the congregation. Soon afterward, we had the pleasure of seeing come to us in good health Brother Bill Henry, with his son John, and one other, John Thomas, from the Miami. Of their visit they spoke as follows: 'After having been detained upon the lake by successive days of bad weather, we arrived

*From the translation of "Diary of Zeisberger," by Eugene F. Bliss, Vol. II, pp. 496, 497, 500-502.

†An Indian helper.

‡Same as Gelelemend or Kilbuck. Vid. Footnote, p. 248.

there and went to the chief, Tedpachxit, where we were kindly received. Bill Henry, who was spokesman, set forth to him that we were come, not only to see them, but to say something to them. He soon made preparations, calling together the chief men, and when this was done, Bill Henry said: "My dear friends, it is a pleasure after many years to see you once again, under God's guidance. The reason for our leaving home and coming to you is this: We heard some time ago that you would be glad to have God's Word preached and heard among you, that there are many who long for it, that there are also some of our baptized brethren who are waiting for this, and wish they had the opportunity to hear God's Word, being unable to come to us, because we live so far away from them. This is the reason, and no other, why we have undertaken the journey here, for if we hear that any one longs for God's Word, the word of life, we are ready to serve him with it, since we like to see our fellow-men and friends share in this good and be saved. We are therefore come to see and to learn from you how you are disposed in regard to the matter, so that we may bring trustworthy news to those who sent us. As soon as we have heard you, we intend to return whence we came."

"It also happened that the captain, Pachgantschihilas, was present. He has always been a great foe to the preaching of the gospel among the Indians. He asked us who had brought us the news. He was told that it was one of our people, who had come back from here some time ago. He replied, that we should not listen to such words for if they wished to send us a message we should see it accompanied by a string of wampum. Of this message they knew nothing. Now the truth was, Chief Tedpachxit had spoken thus with our Abel, but he dared not admit it before the great captain. This fact was established by the following, which this very captain related to Bill Henry, namely, that some time before he had charged a certain Indian, who was going to Fairfield, to speak with our Indians, and propose to them that they come back again from across the lake; that the Indian had returned with the answer that we had no disposition for this, being so well established here. He asked whether the thing was really so. The answer was that the same Indian had

been with us many days, but had not said a word about this to any one, and we knew nothing about it.'

"Thus it appears that the captain would be glad to have us over the lake again, but will have nothing to do with the preaching of the gospel. If we only have the opportunity, we will not ask the chiefs. They must adapt themselves to it. They further said to the brethren that the Quakers in Philadelphia had made them an offer and advised them to move together, not live so scattered about; that they would send people to build them houses and teach them agriculture; that they could send mechanics to teach them their work and to make them a civilized people, for which cause they had much money to spend. If the proposal pleased them, namely, the Delawares, they should come to Philadelphia; they would speak with them and set the thing in motion. And, as it seems, they are not disinclined, for they said they thought of going thither in Spring. Thus the brethren came back. It is to be hoped that their journey was not in vain, and they will undoubtedly think about the matter. They also thought of and spoke to Indians who would like to come to us, and an old baptized widow is now on her way hither to remain. But this is to be said further of the Delaware nation: It is scattered at present from Canada to the Mississippi, and their present chief has little weight and authority."

As far as is known, the Fairfield Christians and the Delawares had no further negotiations in regard to the preaching of the gospel on the White River. After the Goshen mission had been established, there was considerable intercourse of a friendly nature between the Christian Indians and their heathen relatives and friends on the Woapicamikunk. Thus it happened, May 5, 1799, that Chief Hockingpomsga had occasion to visit in Goshen. The missionaries were not at home at the time, consequently it fell to the lot of William Henry Gelelemend or Kilbuck,* as he was more familiarly known among the whites, and

*Gelelemend or Kilbuck, supposed to have been born in the neighborhood of Lehigh Gap, Northampton County, in the year 1737, was the grandson of the well-known chief Netawatwes. That he was a man of considerable influence is seen from the fact that he was at one time chief counsellor of the Turkey Tribe and, after the death of Captain White Eyes, temporarily installed as head chief. He was a strenuous advocate

his Indian brethren, to entertain the guest. In the course of his stay, they reminded the old warrior that it had been the call of good chief Netawatwes* that had brought the Christian Indians from their homes on the Susquehanna to the Muskingum, and that it had been his last wish that the Delawares should accept the gospel. When Hockingpomsga returned home, he carried with him an urgent invitation to his people to come to Goshen to hear the Word of God. Whatever his own feelings may have been in the matter, he was true to the confidence reposed in him and delivered the message.

In answer to Gelelemend's invitation nothing was heard for a whole year. At last, in April, 1800, Tedpachsit and his Council sent to Goshen as deputy, Tulpe Najundam (he who carries a turtle), the brother of Pachgantschihilas, who delivered the following message: "My friends, we received your communication. Our Chief and our great captains, our warriors and our young people, our women and our children were all greatly pleased over your words. The reason you have not heard from us before is because my people were not at home. As soon as they returned, I acquainted them with your invitation and they were all pleased with it. My friends, we have here a large tract of land that belongs to us. Gelelemend, I take you and your friends by the hand, therefore, and bring you here, and settle you near me on the Woapicamikunk."

of peace during the Revolutionary War and in consequence made a great many enemies among the Indians. His life was imperilled more than once. In the summer of 1788, he joined the Moravian Indians at Salem on the Petquotting River. He was baptized and received the name of William Henry, in honor of Judge William Henry of Lancaster, a member of Congress, who helped to survey the Tuscarawas reservation, in 1797. In the early winter of 1811, in the eightieth year of his life, he passed away at Goshen, Ohio. John Henry Kilbuck, a direct lineal descendant, graduated from the Moravian College and Theological Seminary, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in 1884. Immediately after his graduation he served for a number of years as Moravian missionary among the Eskimos in Alaska, where he is at present a teacher in the United States Government school.

*The head-chief of the Delaware Nation immediately before the American Revolution. His wisdom kept the Delawares from the slaughter of white people of which other tribes were guilty. He died in 1776.

The message to which this was the answer said nothing in the least about any desire on the part of the Christian Indians to move away from Goshen. According to Tulpe Najundam, a member of the council had expressed the fear that the Goshen Indians, having their own land where they were and therefore being well satisfied, would not care to leave. Furthermore, some one had made the statement that the Christian Indians would not come without their teachers. In view of all this, the council immediately decided to set apart for the Goshen Indians a large tract of land where they might dwell together unmolested and in safety. As for the teachers, it was taken for granted that they would accompany the Indians without inviting them separately.

This gracious invitation was received with considerable pleasure by the Goshen missionaries. While they were not wholly carried away by this unexpected show of friendliness, they could not help but regard it as partly sincere, to say the least. They did not believe for a moment that the Delaware Council had been seized all of a sudden by an unselfish desire to further the gospel nor that the Indians really wanted to hear and receive the Word of God. Having heard frequent rumors that some of the Christian refugees on the White River had expressed the hope of returning to the Muskingum, they supposed that the underlying motive of the invitation was the desire of the chiefs to have all their people live at the same place, and that, for this reason, they had thought it expedient to have the gospel preached among them, so that the Christian Indians at Goshen and elsewhere might be attracted to come to the White River, and those already there be prevented from moving to Goshen. But whatever their thoughts and suspicions, they could not help but look upon the whole proceeding as a wonderful opportunity to bring a heathen nation to Christ.

The Goshen Indians, though they would have been loath to leave their settlement, were unanimous in their opinion that the invitation of the Chief and the Grand Council should receive a favorable reply. An Indian helper expressed the mind of all when he said: "We can believe our friends on the Woapicami-kunk. To understand the gospel, they must have it preached to them. For that reason, teachers must go and live among them

and preach the Word daily.” Nevertheless the matter could not be decided in a day, nor could the final decision be made by the missionaries. Force of circumstances made it necessary to withhold the decisive word for a year. Meanwhile, however, a provisional answer was sent. This message read: “As I saw my friend come to the place where I live and I looked upon his face, my heart was filled with hope and joy. There occurred to me what our former Chief, Netawatwes, had told us, while we were still living on the Susquehannah. As I heard that you, my friend, desired to take me by the hand and set me down near you, I was glad. My friend! I will let you know that here I live on my own land, but I listen to your word nevertheless. I cannot rise so easily, however, my friend. I must first send your word to my brother across the lake. He lives a great distance from here. When I receive his answer, I will let you know. How long it will take before I can inform you, I cannot tell. It may take until next Spring. From this day, however, I will think of you with pleasure; think also of me.” The customary string of wampum accompanied the message.

CHAPTER II

THE MISSIONARIES CALLED AND THEIR JOURNEY TO GOSHEN

In April, 1800, Zeisberger wrote to the brethren of the Helpers' Conference* at Bethlehem, urging them to accept the invitation of the Delawares, and suggesting that either two efficient married brethren or a married couple and a single brother be sent to them as missionaries. He intimated that several Indian families from Goshen and a number from Fairfield, Canada, might be found willing to accompany them. The Helpers' Conference took the matter under prayerful advisement, and, under the gracious guidance of the Lord, it was decided, August fifteenth, to begin the new work. This decision was at once communicated to the various congregations by means of a circular letter, and the proposed mission became the subject of earnest supplication in prayer meetings. In due time, Abraham Luckenbach,† a twenty-three-year-old teacher at

*The official board which administered the affairs of all the Moravian settlement congregations and missions among the Indians in America. It was the forerunner of the Provincial Elders' Conference, which is the executive board of the Provincial Synod. The original title was "Conference of Helpers in General of the Congregations and Stations in Pennsylvania and adjacent Parts."

†Abraham Luckenbach was born May 5, 1777, in Upper Saucon Township, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania. His parents were originally Mennonites, but, soon after his birth, they became associated with the Moravians at Emmaus, where Abraham was baptized by the Rev. Francis Boehler, January 19, 1779. Some years later the family located in the neighborhood of Bethlehem, where they joined the Moravian Church. In the spring of 1786, they removed to Hope, New Jersey. Here Abraham became a communicant member of the Moravian congregation by the rite of confirmation, after having been carefully instructed by the Rev. Lewis Boehler. Two years later, in 1792, he returned to Bethlehem, where he learned the trade of cabinet maker in the employ of Franz Thomas. In the autumn of 1797, he went to Nazareth for the purpose of establishing a cabinet-making business, but, meeting with difficulties at the outset, he accepted an appointment as teacher in Nazareth Hall, which was then

Nazareth Hall, and John Peter Kluge,* who had recently arrived in Bethlehem from Surinam, received the call and accepted it with joy.

under the management of the Rev. Charles G. Reichel. Having previously offered himself as a candidate for the mission field, he was called to assist John Peter Kluge as missionary among the Indians on the White River in Indiana Territory. In this capacity he labored with great faithfulness for a little over five years, when the mission had to be abandoned. He then taught seven months at Nazareth Hall, after which he was appointed assistant missionary to the Brethren Zeisberger and Mortimer at Goshen. September 8, 1813, he was joined in marriage to Rosina Heckedorn, of Lititz, Pennsylvania. This union was blest with three children, of whom one died in infancy. His two daughters found their home in Bethlehem, the one marrying the late Simon Rau and the other the late Charles G. Roepper. From 1820-1843, he had sole charge of the Indian mission at Fairfield, Canada, when increasing physical weakness necessitated his return to Bethlehem, where he arrived in July. Here he busied himself with visiting the sick, distributing religious tracts among the Lehigh Canal boatmen, re-editing the second edition of Zeisberger's "Delaware Hymn Book," and publishing "Select Scripture Narratives from the Old Testament in Delaware." He died March 8, 1854.

*John Peter Kluge was born October 3, 1768, in Gumbinnen, Prussia. Soon after his birth, he was baptized in the Reformed Church. His father was a mason by trade. His mother belonged to the Moravian Society and sent her youngest son to a school teacher of the same faith for instruction. As a child he delighted in playing that he was a minister. The Reformed minister, observing this predilection for preaching, offered to give him private instruction and, later on, send him to Koenigsberg to school. From there he was to enter the university. His god-fearing mother frustrated this plan, because she was afraid that her child might be led astray by skeptical teachers. His mother having been left a widow, married a tailor. John was to learn the trade of his step-father, but he did not like it. After trying his hand at a number of different things, he went to a brother at Insterburg, from there to Neusalz, later to Gnadenberg, and, in 1789, to Kleinwelke, where he joined the Moravian Church. After teaching a year he accepted the call to mission service among the Arawack Indians in Surinam. Here his post of labor was at Hope on the Corentyne in Dutch Guiana. August 27, 1800, he came to the United States and from 1800-1806 he labored among the Indians on the White River. Six children were the fruit of his marriage to Anna Maria Rank. Of these Karl Friedrich, Henrietta and John Henry were born on the White River. After their return from the west, he received, in 1807, a call to North Carolina, where he served the congregations at Bethabara and Bethania until the year 1819, when he was appointed pastor at Graceham, Maryland. Here his wife died of consumption, February, 1820. Seven months later

Both men were single, but Kluge expressed his willingness to be married, if the Lord would provide a suitable helpmate. Those were the days when the Brethren made considerable use of the lot.* The names of all eligible young women in the Bethlehem congregation—needless to say without their knowledge—were therefore taken under prayerful consideration and submitted to the lot. In each case the answer was negative. Thereupon the elders of the Nazareth congregation were fraternally requested to send a list of likely candidates for married honors. They did this, but Kluge's wife was not among the number. Clearly the proverbial right one had been sought in the wrong place. Not in Bethlehem nor in Nazareth, but in Lititz, she had

he married Elizabeth Eyerly, of Lititz, with whom he served the Graceham congregation until 1827. In July of that year he accepted a call to York, Pa., where, in December, he was again left a widower. September, 1828, he was ordained a presbyter by Bishop Anders at Lititz. January 29, 1828, he married for the third time, the bride being Miss Maria E. Albright, of Bethlehem, Pa. He served the York congregation until 1833, when a severe attack of rheumatism compelled him to seek retirement for the time being. Later he took temporary charge of Emmaus, where he served until the fall of 1838. From there he retired to Nazareth and, two years later, he removed to Bethlehem, where his wife died in 1842 and he himself passed away after considerable suffering, January 30, 1849. Karl Friedrich, his oldest child, was the father of the late Rev. Edward T. Kluge, a well-known retired Moravian minister who died at Nazareth, Pa., in 1912.

*The use of the lot in deciding important cases in which divine guidance was desired dates back to antiquity. It was employed by the ancients, adopted by the Jews and later extensively used in the Christian Church. The custom is, therefore, not peculiar to the Moravian Church. As far as is known the first official use of the lot made by the Moravians in the Renewed Church was in the appointment of elders in Herrnhut, in 1727. For many years restricted to the confirmation of certain elections or appointments, it was officially abolished by the General Synod of 1889. The use of the lot in connection with marriages or ministerial appointments was by no means the arbitrary instrument it is popularly supposed to have been. Two persons joined in marriage by lot had either given their previous consent to the arrangement or, if their names were submitted without their knowledge, gave voluntary assent to the decision afterwards. In either case the final decision was in the hands of the parties concerned. The same held true in the appointment of ministers. If the official board put the matter to the lot without the consent of the minister involved, he could accept or decline the call as he saw fit.

her home. Thus it came about that Brother Kluge journeyed to that village in the early part of October and was there joined in marriage to Anna Maria Rank. On the twelfth of the same month, the day on which her husband and Brother Luckenbach were ordained to the diaconate of the Moravian Church, at Bethlehem, the young bride was accepted as an acolyte.*

October fifteenth, at high noon, the missionaries started on their journey from Bethlehem to Goshen, where they intended to spend some time for the purpose of acquainting themselves with the Delaware language and preparing themselves in other ways for their future work. They were accompanied as far as Allentown by Brother Luckenbach's mother and sister, the Brethren Cunow and Schaff with their wives, and the Brethren Van Vleck and Stadiger. Here the whole party enjoyed a farewell vesper. Soon after the meal was over the freight wagon, which conveyed them and their baggage to Goshen, came to the door and the affectionate farewells had to be spoken. The leave-taking naturally filled the hearts of the missionaries with sadness, but this feeling was dispelled after a short silence by singing the hymn which Sister Kliest had prepared especially for them. Perched on the baggage-laden wagon slowly lumbering its way westward, they sang:

"Ihr Friedensboten zieht an die Wabash hin,
Und predigt den Heiland mit frohem Sinn."†

Their experiences on the way were many and varied, and, needless to say, not always pleasant. For the most part hotel accommodations were of the worst. Drinking and card-playing were met almost everywhere. The second night of their journey they stayed with a hotel-keeper named Klein. Here they found a bad company of half-drunken travellers, who played cards on the same table on which the missionaries' supper was served.

*"The reception of acolytes-followers in the sense of Matt. iv, 19; xvi, 24- is a usage introduced in the Moravian Church, according to which brethren and sisters give the right hand of agreement to serve the Saviour in the Church, and to be obedient to the servants of the Unity who are set over them."—*Results, Gen. Synod, p. 91.*

† "You messengers of peace, for the Wabash start,
And preach the Saviour with joyful heart."

The landlord was persuaded to send the card-players away from the table. After the meal was over the mission-party, desirous to secure the needed rest and to escape the companionship of the disorderly guests, retired for the night but sleep was out of the question. One of the drunken men spent the greater part of the night in playing on a violin and in singing. The bedroom door had no lock and consequently had to remain wide open. This made them uneasy, because they feared that one of the drunken vagabonds might actually come into the room. At midnight their fears were realized, when a husky fellow stealthily entered. Brother Kluge became aware of his presence, immediately sprang out of bed and demanded what he wanted, but the man evidently thought it the better part of valor not to debate the matter and beat a hasty retreat. In the morning they related the occurrence to the landlord, but he gave them little satisfaction.

Immediately after breakfast they left the scene of their unpleasant experience and travelled through rain and mud all day long. It was some time after dark when they reached a resting-place for the night, and then it was nothing more than a bed of straw. After darkness had set in their journey became exceedingly perilous. The heavy rains had made the road dangerous, therefore the two brethren waded through the mud to pick out a safe way for the driver to follow with the team, otherwise the wagon would have been sure to upset. Soaked to the skin they finally reached their lodging-place. After they had appeased their appetite they retired at once, and this time to sleep soundly. The next morning they continued their journey through the rain and in the evening, at seven o'clock, they reached Lititz with grateful hearts. Here they were cordially received by the brethren and sisters.

On account of the heavy rains, which continued a number of days longer, the missionaries were pledged to enjoy Lititz hospitality until the twenty-first of the month, when, at seven o'clock in the morning, the journey was resumed, Sister Kluge riding a horse which her father had given her, while her husband was mounted on one which a brother-in-law had loaned him. The day was beautiful and a large number of relatives and friends had gathered to bid them God-speed. Not satisfied with

merely seeing them off, some of these well-wishing friends accompanied the missionaries part of the way, the sisters of the bride going as far as Mannheim. Here the first parting from friendly escorts took place after many tender words and solicitous tears. Some distance farther on, the remaining friends took their tearful leave and turned back. The leave-taking, however, was not yet over. Two of the brothers, Phillip and George, went still farther, the former going as far as the Muskingum River, and the latter to Elizabethtown, where the party arrived in the evening. Here they found comfortable quarters for the night at the hotel of an Irish landlord.

Next morning after breakfast they proceeded on their way, in due time passed through Middletown and by evening arrived at Harrisburg, where they stayed over night. At an early hour on the following day, they were ferried across the broad and beautiful Susquehannah, whence they made their way westward. On the twenty-fourth, they fed their horses and took dinner at a way-side inn about eleven miles east of Shippensburg. Being very hungry, they asked to have a large mess of potatoes cooked for them. This must have given the hostess the impression that they were very poor, for she said: "You undoubtedly come from a land where the people eat potatoes instead of bread." The missionaries replied that they were from a place where the people had as much bread as they wanted, but they were none the less fond of potatoes. This seemed to satisfy the good woman and in a short time a large, steaming dish of the desired food was placed before them, which served to satisfy their ravenous appetite. They spent the night at a good hotel in Shippensburg, which at that time consisted of a number of well-built log-houses scattered along one street about a mile in length.

Here they had their horses shod and consequently they could not leave until ten o'clock the next morning. In the afternoon they came to the Blue Mountains. Not only was the road very steep but rocky and dangerous withal. They spent the night at the hotel of an Irishman who was not at all hospitable. Bolinger, the driver, had told the missionaries that this man was not friendly to the Brethren, and his words were soon verified. He walked about the whole evening with a paper in his hand, apparently so that he would not have to associate with his un-

welcome guests. Finally, one of his friends came, whereupon he disappeared entirely. Otherwise the accommodations were not bad. Next day they continued their weary and dangerous journey over the steep, rocky road and in the evening found lodging with a hotelkeeper who made up in friendliness what he lacked in accommodations. Having no extra bed, he placed his own at the disposal of Brother and Sister Kluge. Unfortunately it was not at all clean and the occupants for the night had much to suffer from fleas. Brother Luckenbach's bed-fellow was saturated with whisky before he retired, but this did not interfere in the least with his draining one glass after another of the fiery liquor during the night, a fact which naturally did not add to his unfortunate companion's comfort. Apparently the missionaries were not wholly dissatisfied with their experience, because they comforted themselves with the thought that it might have been worse. In the diary for the day we read: "We were only too glad that we escaped without getting lice."

Two days later they came to Bedford, at that time a small, homely looking village where they could not so much as buy a piece of meat for their journey. Six miles west of Bedford they stopped at a most wretched hotel for the night. They were very hungry and ordered their usual supper. This, however, was prepared in a way that it would have been far better had they not seen it. The beds were filthy. Not only was the one which was assigned to Brother and Sister Kluge alive with bedbugs, but it had such an evil smell that it was necessary to spread their traveling blankets over the pillows so that they would not have to inhale the bad odor. The bed-chamber had but one small window and that was without a sash. An old hat was stuffed in the opening. Brother Luckenbach slept with the host and had to contend with similar afflictions. Suffice it to say, the missionaries did not sleep much that night and they welcomed the light of morning. They had mutton for breakfast. This they had seen a ragged-looking butcher bring the night before in a greasy old sack which he had slung across the saddle of his horse. Early in the day they left the hotel without regrets.

They traveled all day and in the evening came to a German hotel where they found comfortable quarters for the night. The hostess told them that she had friends in Bethlehem. Every-

thing about the hotel appeared to be in good order, the meals were good, and above all, the beds were clean, which compensated to a certain extent for the miserable lodging of the night before. At seven o'clock next morning they continued their journey and by evening they had reached the other side of the Allegheny mountains. Here they found a hotel in which they were well entertained. November first, at one o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived in Somerset, which was at that time a small, insignificant village having but one street. Here they remained two hours, during which time an auction was held at the hotel in which they stayed. The auctioneer called together the people with a cow-bell. The whisky bottle was constantly passed around among the prospective buyers. After the sale was over, two boys competed for a prize of thirty dollars by running a race which was concluded with a mighty shout.

After the horses had been rested and fed, they left Somerset and stopped for the night at a comfortable hotel six miles farther on. The following day they took dinner at a little wayside inn near which a falling tree had killed seven persons not long before. The victims had been intoxicated and had quarreled considerably when death overtook them. When the man who related this incident heard that the missionaries were on their way to the Muskingum, he said: "I would like to go there, too, because I have heard that they have free schools for children in that locality. I am a poor man but I would like to have my children educated." In the evening, after they had traveled twelve miles that day, they came to a hotel where they lodged for the night. On the whole the entertainment was not bad, though the beds were very hard and, the weather having turned cold, the missionaries had a difficult time keeping warm. Next morning the ground was frozen hard. After fourteen miles had been traversed, they again halted for the night and found comfortable quarters with a hotel-keeper named Maeklin. After leaving here they traveled ten miles and came to the so-called Chestnut Hill. This time they had to stay over night at an ill-kept farmhouse. The food was by no means of the best and they had to sleep in a room over the spring-house, where flax had been hackled the day before. There was an exceedingly bad odor about the place.

The accommodations were very poor but the missionaries had to pay dearly for everything. The farmer began to make out his bill the evening before in spite of the fact that he did not know what actual expense his guests would prove to him. One little incident will go far toward showing the disreputable character of the place. In a corner of the living room stood a small uncovered barrel of honey, in which a barefooted child was seen wading in undisguised enjoyment. The frugal old grandfather carefully lifted the child out, scraped off the honey that had accumulated between the toes and on the legs, and threw it back into the barrel. Some of that honey later found its way to the supper table. Perhaps the missionaries did not like sweet things, or may be they were loath to lessen any future enjoyment the ragged urchin might want to have, at least there is no record that they ate honey that evening. And one can hardly blame them if they did not indulge.

Another unpleasant experience awaited them the following night when they stayed at a hotel eleven miles farther on, near the banks of the Monongahela. Hardly had they entered the house when Brother Kluge's new cloth overcoat and his wife's new boots mysteriously disappeared from the wagon and were never again seen by the owners. Later the landlord warned them to keep on the watch, because things had been stolen more than once in his hotel. When the horse is stolen, it is too late to lock the door. The advice would have been excellent in season but unfortunately it came too late to be of service to the poor victims. If it were not the principal business of the historian to chronicle facts, he would like to assume the role of a prophet in this connection and venture to point out the guilty person who undoubtedly had taken charge of the stolen overcoat and footwear. A drunken driver kept up a continual uproar all the evening and for the greater part of the night, indulging in the most disgraceful speeches and the coarsest profanity. The good-for-nothing landlord joined him in every wicked action and in the singing of his ribald songs. None of this the poor missionaries could escape because their bed-chamber adjoined the bar-room and the worst of it was, there was no door between the two that could be closed. It seemed to them as if they were surrounded by a swarm of evil spirits. The conditions were almost

unbearable. In spite of the fact that they had not slept a wink, they were glad when morning dawned and they could leave this veritable den of robbers.

In the afternoon they at last reached long-looked-for Pittsburg. Here they found very comfortable quarters in "The Stag," a hotel near the market-place. Soon after their arrival they called on a Mr. Addison and handed him the letter of introduction which Brother Jacob Van Vleck, Head-pastor of the Bethlehem Congregation and member of the Helpers' Conference, had given them. Mr. Addison and his wife received them very cordially and invited them to the house for breakfast next morning. They gladly accepted the kind invitation and presented themselves at the appointed hour. They talked over various matters pertaining to their journey with their host and among other things related their disagreeable experience of the night before, whereupon he expressed his displeasure over the occurrence and promised to do all that he could to have the stolen goods restored to them. After taking friendly leave of him, the missionaries returned to their hotel. In the afternoon several hundred soldiers marched into the city to the strains of stirring martial airs and immediately made their way to the wharf, where, bearskin caps, bright uniforms and all, they embarked on thirteen large boats, which lay in readiness to convey them to the various forts scattered along the Ohio River. Though the city was still small, it was even then a pleasant and lively place.

November eighth, at nine o'clock in the morning, they were ferried across the river. Here they came across glass-works, through which they were taken, though there was little to see, because the plant lay partly idle at the time. The German workmen were very cordial and took great delight in showing and explaining all that there was to be seen. After traveling twelve miles over fairly good roads they came to the home of an Irish farmer, at nightfall. This man was an ardent Presbyterian. They asked permission to stay over night, but under no circumstances would he promise to lodge them unless they would give their word that they would spend the next day, which was the Sabbath, with him. Because it was night and therefore all thought of proceeding farther out of the question, there was

nothing for them to do but to accede to the farmer's wishes, much as they would have preferred to make use of the beautiful weather and push forward next day.

After they had partaken of a meager supper, the family and guests joined in evening prayers. The host began the worship by reading in an unnatural voice a long lesson from the Bible. After that the daughter of the house sang in a peculiar manner. It sounded as if she was trying to imitate a church-choir. The missionaries observed that she had sung or chanted Psalms which had been set to strange tunes. After the singing the guests were of the opinion that the worship was at an end, but they were mistaken; all now knelt, and the host engaged in a long prayer which was accompanied by sighs and groans that might have been heard quite a distance away. At last the worship came to a close and the tired pilgrims were glad to retire for the night. Next day morning prayers were held after the manner of the evening before, and then a meager breakfast followed. This meal had to last for the whole day because the family did not believe in cooking on the Sabbath. Praying and fasting was the veritable portion of the missionaries throughout the day.

At eleven o'clock in the morning all went an hour's distance to church. The missionaries accompanied the family, which pleased the host very much. When they reached the church, they found the men and the women sitting together, which naturally surprised the Brethren, because they were not acquainted with the custom. On a small elevation shaped like a barrel without a bottom and surrounded with boards, stood a man with long flowing hair; a torn blue coat with large buttons was part of his apparel. Every time he moved his arms one could see the shirt protrude. And this was the eminent divine of whom the host had boasted so much! Shouting and coughing in a terrible manner, he entertained his hearers for two long hours. Then there came the singing of a hymn. The Brethren thought the rather dry sermon had come to a close but they were wrong; the minister had merely paused for a little rest and soon began afresh. The church being very cold, Brother Kluge could not endure it any longer and consequently left before the service was over. The others did not get out of church until four o'clock, so that the sermon lasted four hours in all. Bollinger, their teamster,

blistered his feet in going and coming from church, and subsequently had to suffer a great deal of pain, which helped him to remember the unique sermon for a long time. For supper they had the potatoes which had been boiled the evening before and a little salt meat in addition. Evening worship, as previously prescribed, followed. The host urged the missionaries to sing a number of Moravian hymns. After that they retired, but the family sang a good while longer.

Early in the morning they proceeded on their way and after they had traveled fourteen miles they stopped again with a farmer. Having bought some meat and other articles of food at Pittsburg, they here enjoyed their own supper. Their bed-chamber was well aired, the two small windows being without panes. The wind blew over them briskly during the night and they were reminded of the camp-life in the woods to which they looked forward. At this place Brother Luckenbach bought a small horse, on which he rode for the rest of the way. At three o'clock of the following afternoon they were in Georgetown, where they found entertainment at the house of a man named Thomas Schmidt. Here they bought oats and hay for the horses and provided themselves with the necessary provisions for their journey through the woods. Half their baggage had to be unloaded and left in charge of Schmidt until it could be brought to the Muskingum. The room thus made in the wagon was stuffed with the hay and the oats.

On the thirteenth, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, they were ready to be ferried across the Ohio, but the wind was so strong that the ferry-men feared there might be an accident if everything should be taken over at the same time, consequently the four horses were transported first. The boisterous waves dashed into the boat several times, which made them still more fearful to cross with the heavily laden wagon. But the horses were on the other side and the attempt had to be made. They prayed fervently to the Lord and Saviour whom the winds and the sea obey and He heard them. As soon as the wagon was on the boat, there was a perfect calm and the passage was made in safety. The ferry-men were astonished at the whole proceeding. With thankful hearts and greatly encouraged, the missionaries continued on their way. The assistance of the Saviour appeared

the more remarkable to them because it was the thirteenth of November,* and they had prayed for the special blessing of their gracious Lord and Elder.

After they had traveled five miles, they reached the home of a farmer, where they lodged for the night. The house was very small and had no windows. After they had prepared their supper and had partaken of it, they made a bed on the floor, right in front of a log fire. They slept very well during the night. Only once were their slumbers disturbed, and that was when the house cat, probably misled by the odor of meat in the room, jumped up somewhere in the dark and threw down the poor woman's coffee cups, breaking them and scattering the pieces over the unsuspecting missionaries. After they had read, as usual, the daily text, they started out again. The roads were rough and one of Bollinger's horses was sick, so they hitched up Sister Kluge's riding horse in addition. At the home of a farmer named John George they bought a quart of milk and otherwise prepared themselves for their first camping experience. Arrived in the woods, they immediately built a large log fire. Having no tent, they fastened Brother Kluge's hammock to two trees, and stretched a line on which they hung blankets. This formed a roof-like protection and under it Brother and Sister Kluge reposed peacefully. A similar covering was erected for Brother Luckenbach, and, as is usually the case in the woods, he slept soundly. While the men were engaged in preparing for the night, Sister Kluge boiled a large dish of rice and meat, which the hungry pilgrims enjoyed greatly while seated around the blazing log fire. Supper over, they sang a few verses, committed themselves to the gracious care and keeping of the Lord, and then retired to their improvised tents.

Next morning they enjoyed their usual devotions and, after they had breakfasted, they resumed their journey. In this way they spent three nights very contentedly in the woods. The fourth and last night, however, their experience was not so pleasant. A heavy thunder-storm, accompanied by vivid lightning, wind and

*An important Festival Day in the Moravian Church in memory of a powerful spiritual experience following the Church's formal appropriation of the Saviour as her Chief Elder, in 1741.

rain, arose in the evening and soaked them to the skin. The trees creaked and strained all night long. Their experience was quite terrifying. They commended themselves to the keeping of the Lord and in the morning they thanked Him for the gracious protection which He had afforded them in the midst of their dangers. By that time the wind had died down but with the calm came falling snow to make them uncomfortable.

On the seventeenth of November they were met by a number of Indian Brethren from Goshen, who had letters from Brother and Sister Mortimer announcing that these Indians had been sent with two canoes for the purpose of bringing the missionaries' belongings from Stillwater to Goshen. The baggage was transferred to the canoes and taken to its destination. The three white people followed by land, Brother Kluge riding on the horse of the Indian brother Charles, Brother Luckenbach on the one which he had purchased and Sister Kluge on her own horse. The Indian brother William Henry rode ahead as guide, passing through thorns and brambles, while the rest of the party followed, Indian-file, as well as they could. Ten dogs were their other companions. These tore, from time to time, at the deer and bear meat which old William Henry had slung across his saddle. Finally, on the eighteenth of November, at five o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived safely in Goshen, where they were heartily welcomed by the brethren and sisters. With deeply grateful hearts for the Saviour's gracious care and keeping on their long, weary journey, they sang praises to their God.

CHAPTTR III

THE JOURNEY FROM GOSHEN TO THE WHITE RIVER

At the suggestion of the Goshen Indians, a deputation was sent to Woapicamikunk several months before the missionaries and their Indian associates left for the White River. The object was to elicit, if possible, a definite statement from the Chiefs and their Council whether or not they really desired the Christian Indians and their teachers to come and live among them; to learn by personal observation what the actual conditions were which would confront the mission; and to ascertain the best route to follow in making the journey from Goshen to the Woapicamikunk. Charles and Jacob, two Christian Indians, were the chosen deputies. They left Goshen, January 9, 1801, and in due time delivered to the Chiefs the following message:

“My old Friend! Thou who sittest and meditatest what is best! I rejoice that the day is come that we will see one another. Our Creator has destined this for us. Listen to me, my Friend! Thou didst speak with me last spring and we have considered the matter. Thou didst say to me: ‘I take thee kindly by the hand and set thee near me upon my land.’ Thereupon I said to my Friend: ‘I am anxious to do according to thy word; I will report to thee further in fall, or at latest the following spring.’ Now, my Friend! Thou, my Elder!* Listen to me kindly. I remember our deceased Chief. I recall the words of our departed Elder, who felt sorry for us; who took the Christian Indians by the hand and led them to the other side of the great wilderness,†

*The title which the Delawares gave their chiefs when they addressed them.

†The extensive mountainous district which lay between the Susquehannah and the Ohio Rivers.

where they lived, and brought them to Gekelemukpechnunk.* And their teachers journeyed with them. Now listen, my Friend! Listen to me, my Elder! I let you know that I want to come with my teachers so that you too may have pleasure in the future."†

Both the message and the messengers were received in the most cordial manner. Pachgantschihilas' welcome was especially hearty. He complained in private that his young people were exceedingly foolish and not at all obedient to his exhortations. He expressed the hope, however, that they would do better after the Christian Indians came and lived among them. Tedpachsit was of like mind. The deputies made the acquaintance of a great many Indians who had been baptized by the brethren on the Muskingum before the days of the massacre, and all expressed their joy over the fact that missionaries would come and live among them. Some said that they would stop drinking immediately, while some of the more conservative ones promised to do so after the Christian teachers had arrived.

The report of Charles and Jacob was so favorable that the Goshen missionaries could not help but rejoice. Hitherto they had been doubtful and had entertained the suspicion that the Delawares might not have been strictly honest in their overtures. Now, however, they were satisfied that their fears were ungrounded. Zeisberger was of the opinion that never before, since the beginning of the mission among the Indians, had the prospects for the spread of the gospel among the red men been more favorable than they were on the Woapicamikunk.

The former answer sent by the chiefs was essentially as follows: The Chiefs and all men, women and children, rejoiced to hear that the Christian Indians were coming to them; they declared that a large, comfortable place had been prepared for them, where they might quietly dwell together in peace and

*The first capital of the Delawares in Ohio. Here the first Protestant sermon in that State was preached. It was abandoned by the tribe in 1775. Its site is covered by the present town of Oxford.

†This was the usual style in which the Indians addressed each other when sending a formal message from one to the other. It differed from the usual form of conversation. They called it "The Language of the Chiefs."

safety; that no strong drink should be brought near their settlement and that no drunkards should be allowed to disturb them; that no respectable Indians should be hindered from visiting their village; that they had nothing at all against their bringing teachers, in fact, it was taken for granted that these should come; and that no one should be prevented from going to the Christian village to hear the Word of God. Furthermore they wrote, that the best way to travel would be by water down the Muskingum and the Ohio, then up the Miami about a mile, and thence up the White Water Creek until they reached the portage, after that by land until they came to Woapicamikunk, their destination. The watchword for the wonderful day upon which the Delawares, by a formal national act, for the second time* gave their consent to having the gospel preached among them and even invited the Christian Indians and their teachers to come and live among them was: "My tabernacle also shall be with them; yea, I will be their God, and they shall be my people."

In February the following communication was forwarded to General John Gibson, Secretary of Indiana Territory, with the request that he should present and recommend it to the Governor:

To His Excellency William H. Harrison, Esq.,
Governor of Indiana Territory.

We, the undersigned, Missionaries of the Church of the United Brethren, at present resident at Goshen, a Christian Indian town, on the tract of land called Schoenbrunn, on the river Muskingum, humbly beg leave to present our best to Your Excellency and to inform You, that we purpose early in the ensuing Spring to accompany a small colony of Christian Indians from here and settle with them on a branch of the White River, whither we have been invited by a special message from

*The first time was in the beginning of the year 1772, when the Brethren received a kind message from the Chief and his Grand Council, inviting them and the two congregations at Friedenshuetten and Friedenstaedt to come and settle in their country, near the Muskingum River, upon whatever tract of land they might choose.

the chiefs and council of the Delaware Nation, whose principal towns are in that neighborhood.

The history and character of the missions which have been for many years carried on by the Church of the United Brethren among the Indians of this country, are probably not altogether unknown to Your Excellency. The grand objects thereof have been uniformly to preach the gospel to the Indians, to establish schools and inculcate habits of industry and sobriety among them, and to instruct them to live a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty; in the prosecution of which within the extensive Indiana Territory, we flatter ourselves that we may at all times rely on Your Excellency's friendly support and auspices.

We have been informed by a deputation of Indians who are just arrived here from White River, that traders from among the adjacent white settlers are in the habit of introducing spirituous liquors among the inhabitants there; a practice which we are persuaded you will agree with us, must not only greatly impede the objects of the mission, which we propose to undertake, but by exposing the Indians to fraud and imposition and embroiling them in quarrels, endangers the peace and friendship which happily subsists between them and the United States. The Chiefs of the Delawares who are well acquainted with our principles on this head, have offered us a place of settlement at the distance of fifteen miles from any of their towns, and have been pleased to make the voluntary promise, that they will do their utmost to prevent the bringing of spirituous liquors into or near our settlement, or our being molested by any drunken persons. They have, however, as is known, but little control over the white traders, who traverse the Indian country, and frequently take up their abode among them. We have therefore very humbly to request the favor of Your Excellency that You would be pleased, in such a manner as to Your wisdom may seem meet, to authorize and enable us, the subscribed and our successors, to prevent any spirituous liquors from being offered for sale or barter, or used as an enticement to trade, within a specified distance—say perhaps ten miles—of any town or settlement of Indians, that may be made under our direction, within the limits of Your jurisdiction. We have no desire to prevent any person

whatever from exercising a free commerce with the members of our Society: we wish merely to be serviable to our fellow-men by the furthering of good and preventing of mischief to them.

We have the honor to be very respectfully, Sir,

Your Excellency's most obedient servants,

(Signed) JOHN PETER KLUGE,

ABRAHAM LUCKENBACH,

Goshen, Schoenbrunn Tract,

Missionaries.

River Muskingum, 23rd of Febr., 1801.

After having spent a little over four months on the Muskingum, Brother and Sister Kluge and Brother Luckenbach resumed their journey westward, March 24, 1801. They were accompanied by the Christian Indians: John Thomas and his wife, Catherina, with their three children, Marcus, Juliana and Bethia; Jacob and Mary, his wife; the widower Joshua, with his son, Christian; the widow Abigail, with her daughter, Anna Salome, and her two grandchildren: therefore, thirteen persons in all. Two Indians, Ska and Michael, accompanied the party, to paddle the canoe for Brother and Sister Kluge. There were five canoes in all. Brother and Sister Mortimer, with their little son, went with them as far as Gnadenhuetten. The weather was still cold as they floated down the Muskingum. When about a half mile from Gnadenhuetten, the Indians announced the coming of the party by the firing of a number of gunshots. They arrived at noon.

After pleasant intercourse with the Brethren Huebener and Peters and their wives, the mission party continued its way down stream, passing Salem at two o'clock in the afternoon. Two miles farther on they encamped in the woods for the first time. The Indians shot ducks, geese, turkeys and other game enroute. At the Indian town of Goschachguenk,* they landed for a short time at the request of a white man who lived there. Leaving this place, they soon passed the site of the old mission at Lichtenau, which was thickly overgrown with bushes and hardly showed a sign of ever having been a station. At noon of the twenty-seventh

*The second capital of the Delawares in Ohio. It was where is now Coshocton on the Muskingum.

they took dinner at the mouth of Wills Creek, where they remained an hour. On the twenty-eighth they reached Licking, where they looked up the post office and Brother Kluge posted a number of letters addressed to friends in Bethlehem and Lititz.

On the thirty-first, at five o'clock in the afternoon, they landed about twenty miles from Marietta.* In the evening a number of white people visited them and brought the Indians milk and tobacco. At Marietta Mr. Gillman, a man of considerable importance, received them very kindly. Here they left the Muskingum and entered the beautiful waters of the Ohio River, on which they covered as high as sixty miles a day. Having engaged to support Michael and Ska, they stopped at a German settlement on the fourth of April and purchased some necessary provisions, which were plentiful and cheap. The next morning they held a short Easter service, after which they pushed forward and at noon passed Point Pleasant, near the Kauhawa Creek, a settlement formerly owned by a certain Colonel Lewis. They had a letter of introduction from Heckewelder to this man, but found that he had died some time before. Four miles farther on they passed a small French settlement in the midst of beautiful trees and gardens.

On the morning of the ninth, they left camp at six o'clock. The Indians had resolved to reach Sciota that day, and their ambition was realized at five o'clock in the afternoon. Two days later they caught sight of the Miami, and at eight o'clock the following evening they came to a small town called Columbia. Heckewelder had given them letters of introduction to two men living in this village. They presented them but did not receive much satisfaction. Neither of the two remembered Heckewelder very well and one of them wasted half an hour of precious time trying to decipher the letter, which proved that he was not any too well versed in the art of reading. At noon they reached the city of Cincinnati, but floated past for about a mile and there pitched their tents in the woods.

*Marietta was the first town of white settlers in Ohio. It lies on the left bank of the Muskingum River. Here Major General Arthur St. Clair, the first Governor of Northwest Territory, took up his quarters. In this town, the first session of the general court of the new territory was held in 1788, and opened with prayer.

They found their way into the city the same day and providentially made the acquaintance of a merchant by the name of Ziegler.* Though they had no letter of introduction to this man, he treated them with the greatest kindness and, after he had learned their mission, offered to do anything in his power to be of service to them while they were in the city and after they had reached their destination. He had known the Moravians for a long time. He was also well acquainted with the White River country and could tell the missionaries a great deal about it that interested them. At his store they purchased a number of things, which he let them have at the lowest figure. After the most pleasant intercourse with this newly-found friend, they looked up High Judge Gillman, of Marietta, whose important office made it necessary for him to spend a great deal of time in Cincinnati. He greeted the brethren in the most cordial manner and, learning of their desire to make the acquaintance of the Governor, at once offered to introduce them the following day.

Next morning, at the appointed hour, Brother Luckenbach and Brother Kluge called at the place of Judge Gillman, but found him too busy to accompany them to the executive office. However he had made arrangements with Governor St. Clair to have them make the visit alone. Taking their letter of introduction, they called on the Governor, who gave them a hearty welcome and assured them at once that he would do all he could to help them. They told him of the needs of their Indian brethren, and, in turn, he immediately gave them an order on a certain merchant to provide the Indians with a barrel of flour and sixty-seven pounds of salt meat. The provisions were gratefully received and divided among the recipients. The courteous and kind-hearted Governor also gave the missionaries a letter directed to the Delaware Chiefs in which he bespoke for the brethren a kind reception, and admonished them and their people to receive the Word of God and be obedient to their Christian teachers, because they would then be happy not only in this life

*This was Captain David Ziegler, at one time connected with the Pennsylvania Infantry. Before coming to America, he served as a German soldier in the Russian army in the Crimea. He made the acquaintance of the Moravians at Herrnhut and Bethlehem. After serving in Indian campaigns in the West, he became a resident and the first Mayor of Cincinnati.

but in the great hereafter. At parting, the Governor wished the missionaries God-speed and the Lord's richest blessing on their labors.

April fourteenth, at ten o'clock in the morning, beautiful Cincinnati was left behind. At noon they passed North Bend and, two hours later, reached the mouth of the Miami River. They found the current very swift and they had to use all their strength in battling against it. For about three miles the land was low. After that it rose higher and was dotted with many beautiful plantations. Six miles farther up stream they passed a fairly large island, and, a little later, there appeared a number of deer, of which the Indians shot five. Here, too, the Indian brethren did some angling and landed six large fish, which Brother Kluge pronounced to be of the carp variety. They were much larger than those he had seen in Europe, and their meat was tougher, too. Nevertheless they were good.

Next day before they struck camp, they manufactured seats for the canoes. This was necessary, because the current was strong and they could not make much headway without some such arrangement. When they came to the White Water Creek, they found its current even stronger than that of the Miami and six miles was all they could cover the first day they were on it. On the sixteenth, they had to spend the whole day in camp. In this vicinity John Thomas shot a big, fat bear, which he shared with the others. The meat tasted good after Sister Kluge had fried it. In this neighborhood they learned definitely how to reach their destination. The White River Indians came here to hunt, so that the inhabitants were well acquainted with them and their country. Here they also bought their cattle. The missionaries mentioning the fact that they intended to buy a cow later on, were strongly advised to purchase it here, because cows were high-priced in the Indian country, a very poor one bringing as much as forty dollars. This was good advice, as they found later on. A cow with a bell was therefore bought for thirteen dollars. Since it is no easy matter to drive one cow along a strange path, they decided to provide company and accordingly bought a young heifer together with her calf, for fourteen dollars. The heifer gave a great deal of milk, which

proved a blessing to the little colony, not only for the rest of the journey but after the new home was reached.

On the seventeenth, the journey was continued in three canoes, instead of five, two having been sold in order that the party might make more rapid progress. The missionaries and the Indian sisters drove the cows before them. In the evening they pitched their tents as usual. Here they were visited by white people, from whom they bought flour at two dollars and a half a hundred. The following evening they came to the home of an old Irish Presbyterian farmer by the name of Harper. This man treated them very kindly. He took care of the cows and gave the Indians milk and potatoes without charge. Here they were detained for four days on account of heavy rains and high water. Having been informed that a number of Indians had been encamped nearby in recent days, Jacob and Ska decided to look them up, but their quest proved fruitless. After their return, the whole party took counsel together and delegated John Thomas and Jacob to penetrate deeper into the woods and skirmish around for any Indian who might be sent to Woapicamikunk. The desired messenger was to announce to the Chiefs that the expected colony was near at hand, to tell them that it was impossible to proceed farther than twenty miles by water, and to remind them of their promise to provide horses for the land journey.

John Thomas and Jacob were successful in their efforts. After tramping through the woods for many miles, they heard the barking of dogs and in this way they were led to the camp of an Indian family from Woapicamikunk. They learned that they were a three days' journey, on horseback, from their destination. The father of the family expressed his willingness to act as messenger and to return after six days to report. The Indian brethren handed him a piece of tobacco bound with white ribbon and he left on his errand at once. Meanwhile the friendly white people of the neighborhood assisted the missionaries and their companions up-stream the remaining twenty miles. April twenty-fourth, at three o'clock in the afternoon, they at last reached the forks of the river, where Brookville now stands. Here the White Water Creek separates into two arms, the one from the west and the other from the north. Between these the

missionaries encamped on a stretch of land over which the trail to Woapicamikunk passed. In fact, their camp was quite near this trail. Here they were still one hundred miles from their proposed settlement.

Four days later, the messenger who had been sent to Woapicamikunk returned, but with no favorable report. He had come back without horses, because the Chiefs were not at home, having gone to Post Vincennes to attend a conference. The rest of the men had not returned yet from the chase. True to his trust, the messenger did the best that he could and sent the tobacco down the river to another town, though he did not think it would do much good, because the Indians there, too, would still be away on their hunting-grounds. This was discouraging news indeed. With the help of a riderless horse that had come out of the woods, the heathen family whom they had met having placed it at their disposal, they decided to push forward by slow stages. All things packed, they began their weary march. Brother Kluge carried the tinware on a stick, his wife carried a pail of milk, and Brother Luckenbach had his traveling bag slung over his shoulder. In this fashion they moved forward, driving the cows before them and encouraging one another.

They decided to send another messenger to Woapicamikunk, and, on May first, they commissioned John Thomas to undertake the journey. He had not gone more than a mile, however, before he was met by an Indian captain, the brother of Mary. In the absence of the Chiefs, he was to convey the baggage of the newcomers from the portage to their destination. He had been away from home when the former messenger arrived, but heard of the matter in the woods and had straightway come with four horses. Needless to say, the captain was warmly welcomed by the pilgrims and, in turn, he seemed pleased to see them. About this time the stray horse referred to before, was claimed by its owner. On the fifth of May Brother Luckenbach's birthday anniversary was celebrated. In honor of the event Sister Kluge had baked a cake the previous day. Though it was completely crushed on the journey, it had lost none of its flavor.

Days of rain made travel impossible. Ska was sent to Woapicamikunk for more horses, but unfortunately he became drunk and forgot his errand. It was very essential that they should

reach their new home soon, or they would miss the planting time. The season was far enough advanced even then. Brother Luckenbach and Wangomind, an old heathen Indian, volunteered to undertake the errand on which Ska had so grievously failed. Brother Luckenbach gives an interesting account of this excursion, in his autobiography. He writes: "Being lightly clad, and the blanket containing my provisions suspended by straps, like a knapsack from my shoulders, I followed my guide with rapid strides. Carrying his gun on his shoulder, with a string of dried venison dangling therefrom, and his knife and tomahawk at his side, he looked very pleasantly on me, did all that lay in his power to render himself agreeable to me, and appeared to value himself highly because of the confidence I placed in him as my guide.

"Supposing that I wished to reach the place of our destination as soon as possible, he ran along the Indian trail without stopping, passing knee-deep through all the bogs and ponds that he came across, which, owing to the late heavy rains, were filled with water. At first I looked out for fallen trees or other means to cross over them dry shod, but having several times lost sight of him, and being scarcely able to keep up with him, I grew wise by experience, and followed him, without regard to myself or my clothing, straight through mud and water. And he was highly rejoiced to find that I could now keep up with him, and had already profited so much by his example. Not being able to converse with me, and having a mind to stop, he pointed with his finger to the sun, to signify that the dinner hour had arrived. He then cut off several slices of his dried venison, and very kindly offered me one of them, which of course I did not refuse. I then presented a piece of my bread to him, which he accepted with loud applause. And so, after smoking a pipe together, we proceeded on our journey, which resulted in our obtaining the pack horses which we required."

As a matter of fact the latter part of the last sentence is not quite accurate. According to the diary he came back without any horses, but Jacob's brother-in-law brought six, with the intention, however, of rendering assistance to no one save his sister and her husband. At that rate the missionaries had no more help than before. Their troubles were increased by

drunken Indians, among the number Michael and Ska, who had been a great care all along on account of their weakness for drink. A drunken Indian followed the mission party and sold whisky to all who would buy. Soon Jacob's brother-in-law and Michael and Ska were hopelessly drunk and howled, all night long, like wild beasts. "He who never saw a drunken Indian," writes Brother Kluge, "cannot possibly imagine what it is like. It is as if he had been transformed into an evil spirit."

Part of the time the needs of the pilgrims were supplied by fish and game, but for days they had very little to eat. Sister Kluge was often at her wit's end, not knowing what to prepare for the hungry mouths that had to be fed somehow. On one occasion the Lord helped her in a rather remarkable manner. She had been in great perplexity over the noon-day meal, when an Indian girl came running out of the woods and brought her a number of eggs. These must have been laid by hens brought from Goshen or elsewhere at some previous time. Surely the Heavenly Father provided for His own.

On the seventeenth, they encamped on the hunting grounds of the Shawnee Indians. They found shelter in two log huts which had been loosely put together, Indian fashion. Here they conducted an Ascension Day service for the Indians, because it had not been possible to have it on the fourteenth, which was the festival day. The blessing of this service strengthened them all. In the evening, however, a dark cloud enshrouded them. The drunken Indians gave more trouble and actually imperilled the lives of the pilgrims. They took refuge in prayer. Brother Kluge writes in this connection: "We see quite plainly that the Evil One does all in his power to frustrate our object even before we reach our destination. There is nothing for us to do but to prove ourselves true Christian soldiers and cling to the Saviour, who through His death overcame the Enemy. We, therefore, renew our covenant with Him, promise Him to be faithful and, in patient trust, let nothing frighten us away from the hard task which He has given us to perform."

Forty miles from Woapicamikunk, John Thomas suggested that the rest of the party should push forward, while he and his family remain behind with the baggage until sent for. His suggestion was followed. On the way they had more trouble with

drunken Indians, one night being obliged to flee to the woods for their lives. They lay down on the ground under the open sky to rest, but not to sleep; the mosquitoes and the hideous noise of the Indians making that impossible. At last, on May twenty-first, they reached Woapicamikunk, at four o'clock in the afternoon. The sight that met them was not at all encouraging. The Indians were engaged in drinking and dancing and shouting. No wonder that the hearts of the poor missionaries were filled with sadness. To stop was out of the question, so they proceeded a mile farther and there pitched their tents. Here they were visited by a number of baptized Indian women, whom they invited to the mission to be established about twenty miles down the river.

Next day, Brother Luckenbach and Michael borrowed five horses from the Indians, and two more from a friend of John Thomas, with which they returned for the baggage which had been left behind, forty miles away. Meanwhile, Brother and Sister Kluge proceeded on their journey, driving the cows before them. At three o'clock in the afternoon they came to another Indian town. Here Tedpachsit and Hockingpomsga lived. They were received in the house of the latter and enjoyed Indian hospitality. Among the Indian delicacies served were pancakes made without eggs and fried in bear's grease. A very sweet sassafras tea quenched their thirst. The tired missionaries were hungry and the food and drink tasted good. Finally, on the twenty-fifth of May, they reached their destination. They were much encouraged by the text for the day: "If thou wilt walk in my statutes, and execute my judgments, and keep all my commandments to walk in them, then will I perform my word with thee."—I Kings VI:12. Five days later they were joined by Brother Luckenbach and John Thomas and his family.

CHAPTER IV

THE BEGINNING OF THE MISSION

At the time the missionaries began their labors among the Indians on the White River, Indiana was still a wilderness. Here and there on the banks of a river or on the shore of some lake, were the rude huts and wigwams of the natives. Few and far between were the habitations of the whites who had been bold enough to venture into the wilds. There were only five thousand white people in the territory, and these were widely scattered over the vast region now included in the States of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. Even Vincennes, the oldest permanent white settlement in Indiana, was no more than a struggling village of about fifty houses. Fort Wayne was but seven years old and had few inhabitants. In addition to these two settlements, there were several small trading-posts. Though there were a number of French and English and a generous sprinkling of people from other states, most of the settlers had come from the Carolinas, where the poor white man was regarded as little better than a slave. There were no school-houses or schools of any kind. Without churches, the more devout would meet occasionally in private houses for public worship. In short, there were few traces of civilization anywhere.

To any one unacquainted with the conditions which confronted the missionaries, the question would naturally arise why the mission was established so near the Indian towns. It would have been better for the little congregation had it been farther removed from heathen vice and degradation. No one realized this more strongly than the missionaries themselves. Before they left Goshen, Zeisberger had advised them to settle at least ten miles away from the nearest heathen village and they fully intended to do so. But, unfortunately, conditions were contrary to their expectations.

In the first place, the Indian Chiefs designated the exact place where they wanted the Christian town, so that the missionaries really had little or no choice in the matter of location. At the

place assigned, the Indians pledged them their protection, promising faithfully that no whisky should be brought to the station and that no drunken Indian should be allowed to molest them. At the same time, they made it very plain that they would do nothing for them should they decide to locate elsewhere. Nevertheless, the little band of Christians did not submit at once to the inevitable. For a whole week they looked around for a suitable site, other than the one indicated, deciding first on one and then on another, but in the end they came back to the place which the Chiefs had pointed out.

This place was two or three miles east of the present site of Anderson. It is reasonably sure that this was the exact location of the mission station. According to the mission diary, the Christian village was situated on the east bank of the White River, about twenty miles below Woapicamikunk, and three miles from the point where the stream makes the big bend, which caused the much traveled Indian road that led along the river, to go straight through the woods. Otherwise the road would have passed through the mission settlement. It was but three miles away, as it was. The river-bend referred to must have been the one above Anderson. These facts verify tradition. In this neighborhood the early settlers of 1821 found a well-preserved house, which was undoubtedly the one erected by the missionaries. They also discovered the remains of a large Indian village not far away. This village must have been Woapi-mintschi, "the place where the chestnut trees grow," which lay on a small stream that flowed into the White River, three or four miles from the station. Relatives of a man named John Allen, who lived on the bank of the river opposite this village, are said to have heard him tell of frequent visits to the Indians and of missionaries who worked among them.

All things considered, the site of the mission was the best that could be found under the circumstances. Had the missionaries located on the well-traveled road which connected the Indian villages, whisky and all sorts of undesirable Indians would have passed through their settlement. The station was eight miles from the nearest Indian town in one direction, and four miles in the other. Though the proximity of the heathen proved a detriment to the Christian Indians, a few miles more or less would

have made no difference. Those who had a weakness for drink preferred to go to the towns farthest removed from home for the indulgence of their craving, in this way hoping the better to avoid detection.

The actual work of getting settled had not proceeded very far before the little flock were honored by a visit from Tedpachsit and Pachgantschihilas. This was on the twenty-seventh of June. The two Chiefs were rather old and quite venerable looking. Both wore broad blue belts, a silver ring as a collar around the neck, and carried in their hands a turkey wing to chase away the flies. The missionaries had no houses as yet, but the Chiefs, having intimated their desire to stay over night, had to be accommodated somehow, so the tent of Jacob was placed at their disposal. While partaking of supper, they showed all their important papers and treaties made with white people. These documents they always carried with them wherever they went.

They expressed their joy and gratitude over the coming of the Christian Indians and their teachers. They also related that, not long since, they had received a message from the English, saying that in August the Chiefs of all the Indian nations should gather at the lake; that a great man had arrived from England, who called them his children and who would like to know them all. After the meal was over, Brother Kluge addressed those present, Joshua acting as interpreter. The message of God's love for sinners and the earnest invitation to accept the gospel was received with great interest. In fact, so attentive was Pachgantschihilas to the preaching of the Word that he took his long, drooping ear-lobe into his mouth. This was quite possible, because the Indians were in the habit of splitting their ear-lobes and ornamenting them with silver rings. To the rings they attached pieces of lead which naturally drew down the lobes until they could readily be put into the mouth. When the lobe was split, as in the present instance, it hung down to the shoulder like a huge worm. After the service the Chiefs expressed their appreciation of what they had heard about God.

The next day they presented papers, which they had received from the white people, and respectfully requested one of the missionaries to read them. This Brother Luckenbach did gladly

and Joshua translated them. After this was over, Joshua handed the Chiefs a string of wampum, in the name of the missionaries and Christian Indians, and at the same time delivered the following words: "You called us to this place with the Word of God and we accepted the invitation. We thank God for our safe arrival. We sincerely trust that you will keep your promise and allow no one to molest us; that you will permit no whisky nor drunken persons to come to or near the station; and that you will never call upon us to enter into a treaty nor ask us to accompany you to war. We desire to live among you in peace, in order that we may preach the Word of God and that you may hear it."

In answer to these words, Pachgantschihilas gave the assurance that the Christian Indians had been called for no other purpose than to preach the gospel, and that they might have a share in the enjoyment of the land on both sides of the river, which the Delawares had received from the Seven Nations. "We wanted you and your teachers to come," he declared, "and you may rest assured that no one will be permitted to molest or hinder you in your work. We will prevent none of our people from coming to you to hear the Word of God, yea, we will rather encourage them to do so. It will be a pleasure to us if a great many Indians will move to your village. Evermore do we want to live together in love and peace." To all this Tedpachsit gave his hearty endorsement.

However much the sincerity of these words may be doubted as coming from the lips of Pachgantschihilas, it is quite probable that they expressed the true sentiments of the peaceful Tedpachsit. Soon after the meeting with the missionaries and their little flock, he invited all his young people to a feast and addressed them as follows: "My Children! You see how old I am and how gray my hair is. Still I am not on the right path, as the Great Spirit would have me be. Often have we admonished you not to drink and be drunken, and that you should do no evil. All to no avail. We, the Chiefs, remained unchanged. We have learned, however, that it is largely due to our example that you are what you are. Any one who desires to change his life, I now tell you, may go to the Christians and hear the Word of God. I, too, have heard it and found it to be the truth. Any one who

desires to move to the Christians is at liberty to do so. You must not only be satisfied to hear the great Word but you must strive to live accordingly." Though Tedpachsit never became a Christian, his words breathe a beautiful spirit and show that he really had the best interests of his people at heart.

In spite of the Chiefs' assurances of friendship and interest, the missionaries soon learned that they were doing all in their power to prevent their people from becoming Christians and from moving to the Christian settlement. They were undoubtedly afraid that they would lose influence with the Indians, and that their dignity would suffer, should too many of them adopt the Christian faith. Moreover, they were not a little displeased over the fact that so few of the Goshen Indians had responded to their invitation, after they had made it plain that they desired all of them to come to the White River. They reproached the Christian Indians for it whenever they had the opportunity. They had been especially anxious to have the White Eyes and Kilbuck families come to them. It is not likely that old Tedpachsit shared this feeling or joined in the persecution.

Meanwhile, the missionaries were in the midst of toil to which they were wholly unaccustomed. Twenty acres of land had been set aside for the Christian congregation. Of these the missionaries had an acre and a half for their own use. The season for planting was far advanced and a day's delay meant much, so they immediately began to clear the ground with the greatest possible haste and prepared the way for the harvest which might still be possible. Under the scorching rays of the sun, they wielded the scythe and the spade, with badly blistered hands they sowed the seed and planted the vegetables, and in the end God honored their faith and their toil with a far more abundant harvest than they had anticipated under the circumstances. The corn did not yield a very large return, but by fall they had over six bushels of potatoes, almost as many bushels of turnips, over a hundred heads of cabbage, besides pickles, beans, beets, carrots and other vegetables, surely a goodly store to tide them over the barren months of winter.

The missionaries did not regard the ground as particularly rich, but this may have been due to the fact that all that they

grew had to be raised on virgin soil. Considering the inadequate implements with which they had to prepare the ground, their harvest returns, in favorable seasons, were as good as could be expected. Watermelons that weighed as much as fourteen pounds, and marsh melons that were equally heavy, grew in abundance. Garden vegetables, corn and other cereals, yielded a satisfactory crop. One year the missionaries raised on their acre and a half, among other things, sixty-five bushels of corn, twelve bushels of potatoes and about three good wagon-loads of pumpkins. The prairie furnished abundant pasture and hay they could have in any quantity needed. Blackberries grew in profusion. These served as a useful article of food for white man and savage. The Indians dried them in large quantities and stored them away for the winter season, when they baked them in corn meal. This they regarded a great delicacy. The missionaries, in their own way, likewise made good use of the berries.

Near the station was a large tract of woodland. Here and elsewhere in the neighborhood grew the chestnut, oak, walnut, poplar, linden, maple, wild crab-apple, plum and other varieties of trees. Sugar-making from the sap of the maple tree was an important industry among the Indians. The missionaries likewise made large quantities of sugar, two good pailsful of the sap making one pound of the finished product. There were a great many snakes around, the black snake and the deadly rattler being among the number. One time a rattle snake bit the horse of the missionaries while it was grazing on the prairie. The jaw became greatly swollen and inflamed, and if it had not been for an old Cherokee Indian, who concocted a remedy, the horse would have died.

Wild animals were plentiful. Among these were the bear, wolf, panther, wild cat, deer, beaver, otter, raccoon and a variety of others. It was not at all unusual for an Indian to kill as many as ten bears a day. Not having the necessary means of transportation at his command, he would take as much of the meat as he could conveniently carry and leave the rest to decay or to the wild beasts of the forest. The skins, however, were never left behind. These were valuable. A bear-skin was worth from a dollar and a half to two dollars, and a pound of bear's hair

brought a dollar. The pelts of some other animals were worth much more. For example, an otter-skin would bring five dollars. Any pelt worth selling at all brought a dollar, because the Indian would ask that much for anything that he had to put on the market. This was due to the fact, no doubt, that for everything he purchased from the traders, he had to pay a high price. Joshua and Jacob, being too old for the chase, engaged considerably in trapping. Wolves were exceedingly plentiful and, in consequence, a source of great annoyance. Because one of the tribes bore the name of the wolf, this animal enjoyed the special protection of the Indian.

The agricultural pursuits of the missionaries were only a part of their strenuous activities. Trees had to be felled and shelter provided for themselves and their Indian charge. At first they lived in a miserable hut, good enough for dry weather, but wholly inadequate when it rained. Later they put up temporary shelter to protect them from the rain and the sun, and then one house after the other was erected until all were provided for. By the last day of October, the first permanent house was finished and Brother Kluge and his wife immediately moved into it. The greater part of this work the missionaries had to do alone. Several French traders rendered some assistance. The work of the Indian brethren amounted to very little. Instead of being a help, they were rather a hindrance.

Under date of August 31, 1801, the diary contains the following significant record: "Assisted by the three Indian brethren, we were busily engaged in putting up the last logs of Brother Kluge's house. Things go slowly. We must board our few Indian brethren for the little work which they do. They spend more time eating than working, and even then grumble that they have to assist us in our building operations." They were old and indolent, depending on the missionaries for much that they should have done themselves. Even in the most fruitful years, their harvest returns were meager, simply because the planting and the cultivation of corn required too much exertion to suit their taste and inclination. But the Lord was with the missionaries and surely each had the strength of ten. In a little more than half a year, the high hill on which the mission was located had a chapel or assembly hut, two other huts and seven

well-built log houses. The first service in the chapel was held January 19, 1802.

The following year new farm labors awaited them. The horses and the cattle belonging to the savages roamed about at will, therefore it was essential to have fences around the mission property. Again the axe had to be shouldered, trees felled and many hundreds of rails split for the protection of the crops. In this connection, the Indian brethren had to be assisted again, or their fields would have been without fences. It was the part of wisdom to help them, because they depended on the missionaries for corn and other articles of food, as soon as their own supply was exhausted. In spite of the tremendously hard manual work that simply had to be done, if they did not want to starve, the missionaries were untiring in their zeal to witness for Christ. Every opportunity was embraced to preach the gospel to the Indians already in their charge, as well as to those who visited the station from time to time.

After their long day's hard toil on the field or in the woods—often there was barely enough time or strength left for a change of garment before the evening service—a daily religious meeting was held, unless prevented by the absence of Joshua, the interpreter, who was frequently away from home on business or was for other reasons temporarily unfitted for the task. Hard as this unceasing toil was for the men, it must have been harder still for Sister Kluge. She was the only white woman for miles around and she had little or no assistance from the Indians. And in addition to all her strenuous labor, she became the mother of three children during her stay on the White River. Karl Friedrich, her first-born, enjoyed the distinction of being the first white child to be born in what is now Madison County, Indiana. He was born July 21, 1801; his sister, Henrietta, September 1, 1803, and John Henry, December 31, 1805.

With little added expense to the church in whose interests they labored, the missionaries might have saved themselves a great deal of toil, but not for a moment would they have thought of incurring it. A sentence or two from one of Brother Kluge's letters gives evidence of their self-sacrificing spirit. After drawing the sum of fifty dollars, which barely covered their most urgent needs, he wrote apparently in apologetic de-

fense of what he feared the authorities might regard an extravagance: "We would have drawn a smaller amount, if it had been at all possible. The journey to Cincinnati is expensive. We have no horse of our own and we cannot hire one for less than a dollar a day. But I assure you, we do our utmost to save the mission money and, in consequence, do all the heavy work ourselves." Later on, they had a horse of their own.

But hard toil was not the only thing which depleted their strength. Very often they did not have enough to eat. Especially was this the case the first summer, when for a long time they largely depended for sustenance on corn-meal and milk. They passed one whole winter without any flour in the house, the snow being too deep and the weather too cold for traders to come around. At such times they crushed the corn as well as they could, and baked from the meal some sort of bread. Frequently, they suffered because their crops had been damaged by drought or flood. Flour was expensive, costing from four to eight dollars a hundred. Though game was plentiful, they were often without meat.

Missionaries and Indians suffered a great deal from sickness. The country was new and bilious fever was common. Sometimes the three missionaries were afflicted with it at the same time, but, for the most part, one or the other happened to be up and about, while the other two were prostrated. Naturally the fevers greatly reduced their strength and eventually weakened their constitution. The periodic sickness was especially hard on Brother Kluge, who was at no time any too rugged in health. Miles away from civilization, there was no physician within reach. The only remedies they could apply were the few that they had at their own disposal. They hardly felt like resorting to the means that an Indian and his wife employed while the latter was afflicted with a severe attack of bilious fever. She suffered from extreme nausea and naturally had no desire to eat anything at all. They came to the missionaries to buy a pig so that the sick woman might eat her fill of pork. Both were of the opinion that this would surely effect a cure. The missionaries remonstrated, but in vain. What the woman needed was a strong emetic, but the Indians were insistent, and they would not rest content, until they had purchased the pig. They took

it away and no doubt prepared a generous dose for the poor, suffering woman. The sequel may be readily imagined.

The extreme loneliness of the situation can hardly be realized. It must have been overpowering at times and almost more than they could endure. Nothing but the grace of God could sustain them under such discouraging circumstances. Far away from the most ordinary comforts of civilized life, surrounded by degraded and bestial savages, in the midst of a great wilderness, with none of their kind within easy reach, under the constant strain of hard manual labor and of unceasing activities in the earnest endeavor to win the savages for the better life, with worry and discouragement as their daily portion, the faithful witnesses had little to cheer or to comfort them.

Their only contact with the outside world was through the traders, correspondence with friends and loved ones in the distance, and an occasional trip to Cincinnati, a hundred and twenty-five miles away. These journeys Brother Luckenbach, being the younger and without family cares, made two or three times a year. He would as a rule travel alone and on horseback. The Lord was his protection; in consequence, he was never molested. In his autobiography he wrote concerning these journeys: "During the inclement season I generally carried a small tent with me, which I would pitch in front of a fallen tree, and then keep up a large fire during the night, while reposing my weary limbs on a blanket spread out on the ground, my saddle serving me as a pillow. My greatest concern was my horse, whom I had to allow sufficient liberty to enable him to seek his food in the vicinity, because I was continually in danger of losing him, or myself, in the woods.

"The object of my journey being known, namely, that I expected to return with a supply of funds, well-meaning people would sometimes advise me not to travel unarmed and alone through the dense forest, for fear of being maltreated or robbed by wicked borderers living among the white people. But I invariably replied that since the Lord had thus far held his protecting hand over me, I felt confident that He would continue to do so; and, if He should withdraw it, I did not believe that any fire-arms would be likely to save me." For months at a time the missionaries were shut off from all save the Indians about them.

Their letters they would get through the traders or Indian couriers or when Brother Luckenbach or some of the Indian brethren went to Cincinnati. Fortunately, the three white missionaries were the most congenial friends, and, in their mutual regard for one another, they found a constant source of encouragement amid their many trials.

CHAPTER V

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF SUCCESS

The endeavor to evangelize the White River Indians was attended with such insuperable difficulties that even the stoutest heart might well have been filled with discouragement. At that time the mission could not succeed; from the very beginning the work was doomed to failure. This was in no way the fault of the missionaries. Had the success of the enterprise depended upon them, their loyal witness for Christ, their unselfish devotion and indefatigable labor would have assured it, and every Indian would have been saved. But a great many untoward circumstances conspired against the cause of the Lord and contributed to the defeat of the consecrated missionaries.

At that time, the attitude of the Indian toward the white man in general was one of suspicion and distrust. And that not without reason. The Indian may have been wily and treacherous and guilty of worse traits and offenses, but it cannot be denied that he had been shamefully treated, and, perhaps, largely made what he was by the avaricious whites. He was driven westward at the point of the sword. Hardly had he settled in one place, when he had to flee to another. His hunting-grounds constantly became more restricted; it took no prophetic vision to see that very soon these would be lost to him altogether.

Fourteen years before the little congregation of Moravian Indians began its precarious existence on the White River, Major-General Arthur St. Clair was appointed Governor of the newly-organized Northwestern Territory. His instructions were to effect the extinguishment of all Indian titles to the land. To Major Hamtrank, the commandant stationed at Vincennes, was entrusted the task of ascertaining the temper of the Indians. He found that most of the Chiefs were dissatisfied with the policy of the Americans and greatly prejudiced against them through English misrepresentations. When St. Clair received this report, he concluded that there was no prospect of effecting a general peace with the Indians. He decided to subdue them by

force. To this end, General Harmer, with 1450 men under his command, went out to meet the hostile savages. His expedition proved a failure. Although the Indians were severely punished, they declined to sue for peace. Their hostilities continued. Next Brigadier-General Scott conducted 800 mounted men against the Indians, but apart from destroying a number of villages and killing thirty-two warriors, not much was accomplished.

Congress now decided to make a determined effort to crush the Indians. Provision was made for raising and equipping a regiment for the protection of the frontiers and overcoming the stubborn resistance of the enemy. St. Clair took command of 3000 troops which he was to employ against the savages in the territory over which his administration extended. Before he began his campaign, he sent Brigadier-General Wilkinson, with 500 men, to subdue the redskins who lived on the Wabash. This resulted in considerable damage to the Indians, but the white man gained no advantage. The savages became more incensed against the Americans. They realized more than ever before that the United States aimed to drive them out entirely. Impelled by a mingled feeling of fear and revenge, it is not surprising that their hostilities increased and that their resistance became all the stronger. In this they were actively supported by the British. Contrary to the treaty of peace made in 1783, the English were still supporting garrisons at Detroit, Niagara and Michilimackinac, and furnishing the Indian tribes with clothing, provisions and ammunition. Not until the treaty of 1796 did the British withdraw from the country, after which these annoyances ceased.

On November 3, 1791, St. Clair, with a force of about 2000 men, encamped at the headwaters of the Wabash. A few miles distant about 1200 Indian warriors lay in readiness to make an attack as soon as a favorable opportunity should afford itself. The Indians were under the command of Little Turtle, Blue Jacket and Pachgantschihilas. The following morning, a short time before the sun gilded the eastern sky, hostilities began. It was a hard-fought battle and resulted in a crushing defeat to the Americans. St. Clair lost 39 officers and 539 men; 22 of his officers and 132 of his other men were wounded. Dillon, in his "History of Indiana," refers to this defeat in these words:

"With the army of St. Clair, following the fortunes of their husbands, there were more than one hundred women. Very few escaped the carnage of the fourth of November, and after the flight of the remnant of the army, the Indians began to avenge their real and imaginary wrongs by perpetrating the most horrible acts of cruelty and brutality upon the bodies of the living and dead Americans who fell into their hands. Believing that the whites for many years made war merely to acquire land, the Indians crammed clay and sand into the eyes and down the throats of the dying and the dead."

St. Clair resigned his command and Anthony Wayne, of Revolutionary fame, succeeded him. In August, 1794, the Americans, under their new commander, gained a decisive victory over the Indians at the foot of the rapids of the Maumee. A year later, Wayne succeeded in concluding a treaty of peace with all the hostile tribes who inhabited the territory of the United States lying northwest of the Ohio River. The Indians had now been forced to surrender all their lands to the whites, with the exception of those within the present limits of Indiana.

At last the redskins were subdued, but deep down in their hearts burned the raging desire that the day of vengeance might dawn soon. Most of them at heart hated the avaricious whites with a deadly hatred. Needless to say, it made little or no difference to the Indians whether the pale-face happened to be a colonist or a missionary. The inrush of settlers filled them with dark forebodings. The sound of the pioneer's axe fell ominously upon the ears of the savages. Their leading spirits had long dreamed dreams, but hitherto they had been unsuccessful in their efforts to drive out the hated whites. They were now convinced that nothing but the great confederacy of all the tribes, dreamed of by Teedyuscung* more than half a century before

*Teedyuscung was the son of the noted Delaware Chief called old Captain Harris. When the Moravian pioneers came to Nazareth, in 1740, this Indian and his people were living nearby in a village called Welagameka. He hated the English and his proud spirit smarted under the indignities put upon his tribe. After much hesitation on the part of the Moravian Brethren, Teedyuscung was baptized by Bishop Cammerhoff, March 19, 1750, at Gnadenhuetten on the Mahoning. In his "History of Bethlehem," Bishop Levering makes the following reference to this bap-

their time, could accomplish their purpose. Messengers were sent out in all directions and tribes invited to join the movement. All the Indians were to gather on the White River before the great blow should be struck.

In January of the same year that the missionaries began their labors, William Henry Harrison took his seat at Vincennes as Governor of Indiana Territory.* Congress had instructed him to do all in his power to promote peace and harmony among the different tribes of northwestern Indians, to induce them, if possible, to abandon their mode of living and to engage in the practice of agriculture and other pursuits of civilized life. He was empowered to negotiate treaties between the United States and the Indian tribes, and to extinguish by such treaties the Indian title to lands within the boundaries of the territory. He found

tism: "His position among the Indians, his commanding personality, his tribal and family pretensions, and his previous character as a reckless man who gloried in his contempt of all restraints and of the opinion of others in reference to his conduct, served to render the occasion a peculiarly impressive one for the Indian congregation." He received the name Gideon. Teedyuscung endeavored to restore the prestige of the Delawares and to unite the Indians against the whites. He sought to form an alliance and to attract unto himself both the heathen and Christian Indians. When he failed in his attempt to draw the Moravian Indians away from the mission, he tried to get the Government to force them to his side. He represented these Indians as being held prisoners against their wishes by the Moravians, and intimated that the Government would do a good service by aiding him in liberating his people. He was the universally feared leader in many murderous raids against the whites and the Moravians suffered much at his hands. The winter of 1757-58 he spent in a little cabin in what is now South Bethlehem. Here he was visited by many Indians from all over the country, but either the time was not ripe for it or he was not great enough to carry out his cherished scheme of forming an alliance. At all events nothing ever came of it. In the spring of 1758, he and his Indians removed to Wyoming, where the wily schemer, whom no man could tame or subdue, came to a horrible death. Lying in a drunken stupor on his cabin-floor, fire broke out and he was burned to death. Teedyuscung cannot be compared with the great Tecumseh. His motives were altogether selfish even in his pretended endeavor to restore Delaware prestige.

*Indiana Territory comprised that portion of Northwest Territory which lay west and north of the Ohio River. It was organized in 1800. Vincennes was the capital until 1813.

the Indians suspicious and out of temper, so that the task laid upon him was no easy one.

But the Governor was better prepared for his duties than were the missionaries for their difficult work. Not only was he a man of great executive ability, sound judgment and kindliness of spirit, but his training and his past experience were such as to fit him for the position which he filled with so much credit to himself and benefit to the nation. The Indian was no stranger to him, neither was he a stranger in the land to which he had come. As an aide-de-camp on the staff of General Wayne, he had taken part in the decisive conflict against the Indians on the Maumee. He had also been active in other engagements against them. Before his election to Congress he was the Secretary of the Northwestern Territory. He was therefore thoroughly acquainted with the Indian country. The rights and wrongs of the natives were known to him, and above all he understood Indian nature. At heart, he was the friend of the red man. It is therefore not surprising that he achieved such conspicuous success in his many difficult undertakings.

To say that the missionaries were not as well fitted for their trying work among the Indians, is to reflect no discredit on them. Neither does it detract the least from the service which they did render. At the same time, their lack of qualification and preparation proved a hindrance to the success of the mission. Brother Luckenbach was but twenty-three years old, and by his own confession, more or less of unsettled conviction. Though his whole after-life mark him as a man of the most self-sacrificing devotion to the Lord, his previous life and his experience as teacher at Nazareth Hall contributed little or nothing toward preparing him for the exceedingly difficult work among the White River Indians. Brother Kluge was no better fitted for the task. Under the guidance of an experienced head, he might have accomplished a great deal, but left to himself he showed that he lacked the gift of leadership. No one could question his sincerity of purpose for a moment, but he was not the kind of man who would impress the Indians. The utter loneliness of the situation, the extreme difficulty of the work, and the drunkenness of the Indians make one shiver, but many a man would have made the best of things. This Brother Kluge could not do very

well. He had not been on the field long before he decided that nothing could be accomplished, or, in justice to him, he may have realized that he was not the man for the place. At least, he begged the Helpers' Conference to be returned to civilized life. Unused to the hard toil of the pioneer, he complained about it to his superiors at Bethlehem and to the Christian Indians as well, trying to impress the latter on every conceivable occasion that they should do the work for him. When the Indians fell into sin, he talked to them in words that were perfectly true, but they were unintelligible to the poor sinner, who needed a loving arm around him to inspire him with confidence and strength for the future.

That the White River Indians shared in the general feeling of distrust and hatred of the whites was evident to the missionaries from the first. The brutal Gnadenhuetten massacre was still fresh in their minds. The strong suspicion prevailed that Kluge and Luckenbach had come to make them "tame," as they believed had been done on the Muskingum, and that, after this had been accomplished, they would give the signal to the whites, who would be only too glad to come and kill them. Numerous instances might be given to show how widespread this erroneous belief was. In January of the mission's second year, a young Delaware who had been baptized by the Brethren in Ohio but who had lapsed into heathenism again, came to the station. Asked whether there was any desire on the part of the Indians, as far as he knew, to hear the Word of God, he answered that there was none. He then told of an old baptized woman living among the heathen, who constantly admonished them not to be deceived, because all that the missionaries wanted was to tame them preparatory to another massacre.

After more than two months, the young man went away, giving the following reason for doing so: "I cannot forget how many of my friends were massacred in Gnadenhuetten. I believe, as do all the Indians, that the missionaries were to blame, for they called the brutal whites when the time had come. It will be the same way here. After the missionaries have gathered a great many Indians together, the whites will be called to destroy them. I want to leave here, therefore, before I become tame." In this connection Brother Kluge wrote: "This foolish

talk we have to hear constantly. It seems as if Satan tried in this way to keep the poor heathen in his power."

That the Indians really entertained such fears cannot be doubted. They fully expected a repetition of bloodshed. The slightest rumor that the time for it had come would arouse the most intense excitement among them. Such was the case, the third of August, 1803, when a report was circulated that the Chiefs had received a declaration of war. Feeling ran high in all the Indian towns. The whole matter proved to be a farce, but while it was going on, it was serious enough. A great many Indians fled to the woods, while others prepared for war to the knife. The Christian Indians were likewise possessed with fear and earnestly inquired of the missionaries whether they, too, should flee. They were afraid that they would fare like their friends on the Muskingum. They were advised to pack their belongings and to keep themselves in readiness, so that they might make their escape at a moment's notice, should the occasion for it actually arise. Meanwhile the missionaries were anything but cheered as they heard the savages practise their blood-curdling war-songs.

While the excitement was at its height, the heathen daughter of a recently baptized invalid woman named Elizabeth, came at full speed to the mission with a horse, for the purpose of taking her sick mother to a place of safety. She laid Elizabeth full length on the back of the horse, bound her limbs to its neck and the arms to the hind legs, and then fastened a stout strap around the middle. This done, she hurried off with her precious burden. But she had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile before the unfortunate mother had fallen from the horse, not once but a number of times. The good intention of the attempted rescue had to be abandoned, the invalid pleading that she would rather die than be thus tortured. The thongs had torn her skin badly and her body was severely bruised by the adventure. Several days later, some Indians who returned from the chase, denied the rumor of war and the excitement gradually died away. At another time, a report was circulated that the white people would come in two years to destroy all the Indians who could not escape, and then take possession of their land.

The longer the missionaries stayed, the more evident it be-

came to them that they had not been wanted in the first place. They were not allowed to forget that the Christian Indians, and not they, were the ones who had been called. Even the Indian brethren, while in temporary disgrace on account of some gross inconsistency, reminded them of this. Not very long after their arrival, a report was circulated by the young Indians, who were opposed to the gospel, that the Chiefs had advised their people not to listen to the missionaries nor to have anything to do with them, because they had not been invited to come; furthermore, that the Governor in Philadelphia* had assured them that the Word of God was for the whites, and not for Indians, therefore they should drive the Christian teachers away. Tired of these persistent rumors, the missionaries sent word to the Chiefs, demanding an explanation. In answer to this, they were told not to give ear to such lying reports; of course, the Chiefs wanted them, even as they had assured them when they came. But their assurances were not to be trusted. For the time being the missionaries were silenced, but they were far from convinced that the Indians meant what they said.

The question arises, why did the Delawares call the Christian Indians and their teachers, if they did not want them? The answer is not difficult to find. Brother Kluge writes: "The reason why the Indian Chiefs invited us to come to them is perfectly plain to us. Their desire is to attract to themselves as many Indians as they can, in order to make a strong outward appearance. For the Word of God, they care nothing at all. Because they know that the Christian Indians do not move anywhere without their teachers, they make all sorts of flattering promises, but they have no idea of keeping them." This was undoubtedly true. But, at the bottom of it all, there was a great deal more than the mere desire for vain show. It is quite certain that the Delaware Chiefs shared in the desire to unite all the scattered Indian tribes in a strong alliance against the whites.

It would not be reasonable to suppose that the talented

*By act of Congress the national capital was established at Philadelphia from 1790-1800. In 1800 it was permanently located at the city of Washington.

Tecumseh,* with his overwhelming ambition to form a great Indian confederacy, could dwell among the Delawares as long as he did, without firing them with the same enthusiasm which burned in his own heart. To accomplish this must have been a comparatively easy matter. At the time, the Delawares were greatly dissatisfied and frequently complained to Governor Harrison concerning the encroachments of the white people upon the lands which rightfully belonged to the Indians, and concerning the invasion of their hunting-grounds and the un-

*In 1798, the Delaware Indians who lived on the White River invited Tecumseh and his followers to move to them. The invitation was accepted and for a number of years he had his headquarters in one of the Delaware towns, following the life of a hunter, but, at the same time, seeking to extend his influence among the Indians. He made no secret of his ambition to form an Indian confederacy or league against the whites, with the object of driving them out of the country which lay northwest of the Ohio River and that to the south of it below the mouth of the Cumberland. In the Colonial History of Vincennes, Judge Law says: "The principle with which Tecumseh started out was this: that the Great Spirit had created the distinction between the paleface and the aborigines of the country, with a view of keeping them separate as two distinct races. To the Indians He had given the great West. Here He had established their hunting-grounds..... The Indians never were, and never would be fitted for agriculture. They were warriors and hunters. The consequences must be that there could be no fraternization, no affiliation with the white man. He further maintained, that when the white man came he was an interloper, a trespasser on their rights, an intruder on their soil, and must be expelled....; that it was a death-struggle between the white man and the red, and that now while the whites were sparse in population, weak in numbers, and wanting in strength, was the time to strike the blow, and, if possible, to exterminate the race..... Another principle which he advocated was, that the Great Spirit had given the Indians all their lands in common, to be held by them as such, and not by the various tribes who had settled on portions of it, claiming it as their own; that they were squatters, having no preemption rights, but holding even that on which they lived as mere 'tenants' in common with all the other tribes; that this mere possession gave them no title to convey the land without the consent of all; that no single tribe had the right to sell; that the power to sell was not vested in their Chief, but must be the act of the warriors, in council assembled, of all the tribes, as the land belonged to all, and no portion of it to any single tribe. Hence in all councils which he held with the whites, he uniformly refused, as did his tribe, until after his death, to acknowledge the validity of any treaty made between the Indians and the Government,

justifiable killing of their people. Not to them, but to his superiors, the Governor had to confess that the complaints of the Indians were far from groundless.

It is quite reasonable to suppose that the idea of forming a confederacy was the underlying motive which gave rise to the invitation of the Delawares to the Goshen Indians. Similar invitations were sent out in all directions. Under date of December 18, 1801, the following interesting item is recorded in the mission diary: "We heard that one Indian troop after the other, from far distant places, had arrived in answer to an invitation of the Chiefs, who had sent out messengers, inviting Indians everywhere to gather at the White River, so that all might live on Indian lands and far away from the white people." That other Christian Indians beside those from Goshen, were invited to come to the White River, is seen from an interesting letter* written by the Reverend John Sergeant, a missionary and teacher among the Stockbridge Indians for twenty-five years. "In 1802," he writes, "a council was held at Wapcommehkoke, on the banks of the White River by Delawares and the delegates of the Moheakunnuk (Stockbridge) nation. The former then accepted all the proposals made by the latter, among which was civilization, of which, said the Chief, 'we take hold with both hands.' In the meantime he declared his dependence on his grandchildren; that is, that we should either teach them ourselves, or lead a white man by the hand, whom we know to be a good, honest man, to instruct them; that they were desirous that it should take place before they die. The speaker was named Tatepahosect, a principal sachem of the Delaware nation, and his head warrior, named Pokenchilah." Nothing ever came of the matter and the projected mission was never established.

utterly denying the power of one or more tribes of Indians to convey the land which they occupied without the consent of all." Tecumseh belonged to the Shawnee tribe. He was born, in 1775, near the present site of Springfield, Ohio. His father was a Shawnee warrior, and his mother a Creek or Cherokee squaw captured and adopted by the Shawnees. He was about thirty-five years old when he formed his plan for a great confederacy. He was killed in the battle on the Thames, in 1813. According to a Canadian historian, it is quite conceivable that the Americans would have conquered Canada, if it had not been for this brilliant warrior.

*From Morse's "Report on Indian Affairs," Appendix, p. 109-110.

If one recalls the purpose for which the Chiefs had invited the Goshen Indians to come to Indiana, it is not difficult to imagine the feeling of disgust that must have filled the heart of the sturdy warrior Pachgantschihilas, when he looked upon the little band of Christians for the first time. He had desired the presence of all the Goshen Indians, and especially the White Eyes and the Kilbucks, and instead, he and his people were called upon to welcome two old men, who were no longer fit for the chase and much less for the war-path, a number of women and children, and but one man who might be pressed into service. To counteract this keen disappointment of the Chiefs and their people would have been a sufficient task for the earnest, but inexperienced missionaries.

A great hindrance to the work of the mission was the fact that the Indians were perfectly satisfied with their religion. They persisted in the belief that God never intended the Indians to adopt the white man's religion or He would have revealed it to them in the first place. An Indian woman to whom Brother Luckenbach endeavored to make plain the way of salvation, expressed the general belief of her people, when she said: "What you say about God is intended only for the whites. I know well that the Great Spirit created three different persons; first of all, the negro, then the Indian, and last of all the white man. To each one He gave a specific mode of living, to each He revealed the way in which He should worship Him. Therefore, the Indian must remain true to his customs and his religion."

In a similar strain spoke Pachgantschihilas in answer to the missionaries, who complained to him that the Indians were so indifferent to the Word of God. Said he, "What you say is true enough, but we cannot give up our habits, our sacrifices and our teachers. Our fathers, too, received these from the Great Spirit and they left them to us, their children, as a sacred heritage. Your doctrine is for the white man alone. You see yourselves that we have different skins. Had God desired that we should have the same religion, He would have revealed it to us in the first place. But He did not do this, because He wants us to live as we are living now, and to believe nothing else. Besides, we have not forgotten the Gnadenhuetten massacre, when so many Christian Indians lost their lives. The white teachers, your

brethren, taught the same things which you are teaching now, and sought to attract the Indians unto themselves. After they had brought a large number together, they called the whites and had them ruthlessly destroyed. I know full well that the teachers (missionaries) were to blame, therefore, I do not want the Indians to be tamed again, for fear that they will fare likewise."

When the missionaries remonstrated and tried to show him that he was laboring under a grave delusion; that God in love had given the world a Saviour, who laid down His precious life in order that all who believed on Him might be saved from sin and Satan; and that his charge against the missionaries was most unjust, Pachgantschihilas answered: "I do not want to keep any Indians away from you, but neither will I urge them to come and hear you." To this, the other Chiefs gave their hearty assent. This was about the middle of the year 1803. Even at that time very few, if any heathen attended services at the mission. Rumor had it that the Chiefs had commanded their people to stay away. Scoffing Indians made fun of the Christians, saying that they must be very ignorant, because it was necessary for them to hear daily what the white people taught concerning God. Their forefathers had told them what to do and how to live, and they still remembered it, though they had heard it but once.

Heckewelder, in his "Indian Nations," tells us that the Delawares or Lenni Lenape, which means an original people, or race of men that has existed unchanged from the beginning of time, would not admit that the whites were superior beings. They regarded them as a mixed race, therefore, a troublesome one. Wherever they may be, the Great Spirit, knowing the wickedness of their dispositions, found it necessary to give them a great book (the Bible) and taught them how to read it, that they might know and observe what He wished them to do and to abstain from. But they, the Indians, have no need of any such book to let them know the will of their Maker; they find it engraved on their hearts; they have sufficient discernment given them to distinguish good from evil; and by following the inner voice, they are sure not to err. It is true, they confess, that when they first saw the whites, they took them for superior beings. They thought they might have been sent to them from the abode of

the Great Spirit for some great and important purpose. They, therefore, welcomed them, hoping to be made happier by their company. It was not long, however, before they discovered their mistake, having found them an ungrateful, insatiable people, who, though the Indians had given them as much land as was necessary to raise provisions for themselves and their families, and pasture for their cattle, wanted still more, and would not rest content with less than the whole country. And yet these white men, say those injured people, would always be telling of the great book which God had given to them. They would persuade us that every man was good who believed in what the book said and every man was bad who did not believe in it. They told us a great many things, which they said were written in the good book and wanted us to believe it all. We would have done so probably, if we had seen them practise what they pretended to believe, and act according to the good words which they told us. But no, while they held their big book in one hand, in the other they had murderous weapons, guns, and swords, wherewith to kill us poor Indians. Ah, and they did so, too. They killed those who believed on their book, as well as those who did not; they made no distinction" (pp. 187, 188).

"Their pretended worship," wrote Brother Luckenbach in his Autobiography, "is based exclusively on sensual enjoyments and prerogatives, and has reference to long life, wealth, renown, honor and good luck, and frequently to a longing desire to possess supernatural powers, and to be put into fellowship with imaginary tutelary gods, whom they expect to grant them reputation and influence. Those who are ambitious for these things, generally succeed in gaining certain advantages at the expense of others; but, at the same time, they run the risk of being stigmatized as wicked characters, whose arts and supernatural powers are engaged by others, to put their enemies out of the way. The minds of the Indians of both sexes are full of these notions, and this evil has taken such a deep root among them that even such as profess to be delivered from the power of sin by the death of Jesus, still maintain the existence of such hostile powers among the heathen, by means of which they can secretly destroy each other, either by poison or witchcraft, and hence they readily yield their hearts to suspect that such a deed has

been committed. A special measure of divine grace is therefore required by a truly converted Indian, in case of sickness or emergency, to abstain from calling in the aid of sorcerers, and to resolve rather to die as a believer in the Saviour, and thus to inherit eternal life, than to regain bodily health through forbidden medicines and then to perish everlastingly.

"The pagan Indians on being told that the Son of God, as the Saviour of the world, assumed our nature, in order to redeem us from the power of sin and Satan; that wicked men crucified Him; that He arose again from the dead and ascended into heaven, usually evade the subject by saying that they had no hand in the execution of the Son of God, because it neither took place in their country, nor was their nation implicated in its perpetration. Their God, they contended, had also come down from heaven once upon a time and had remained among them for a season, prescribing to them their mode of life and rules for the sacrificial feasts. Coming in a snow-storm, he wore large snow-shoes. Not having maltreated their God, but having given Him an honorable dismissal, and being obedient to His precepts, they felt that, unlike the white people, they had no occasion to reproach themselves with the crucifixion of the Son of God."

But difficult as it was to make the Indians understand that the Christian religion was superior to their own, not because it had been revealed to the white man, but because its blessings were the very things for which their pagan faith and life showed them to be seeking, the missionaries felt that the greatest single hindrance to the work of the mission was the powerful god of whisky in whose strong grip most of the Delawares were held fast. Those who have made any serious effort to reclaim some unfortunate slave of the drink-habit can faintly imagine the trials of faith and the tremendous hardships connected with an attempt to bring about the conversion of a heathen nation largely composed of the most wretchedly depraved drunkards. In Fairfield, Canada, and in Goshen on the Muskingum, the whisky-traffic was checked through legislation, but on the White River the arm of the law was apparently powerless to impose the necessary restrictions. With the majority of Indians away in the woods from fall until late in spring, and the greater part of their time at home passed in a drunken stupor, the task of the missionary was practically hopeless.

CHAPTER VI

INCONSISTENCIES OF THE CHRISTIAN INDIANS AND THE DIS-
COURAGEMENT OF THE MISSIONARIES

Especially sad to relate, the talented and well-meaning Joshua would often visit the heathen towns and become hopelessly drunk. On account of this weakness, according to his own confession, he had given considerable trouble in every congregation where he had been. Naturally his sin not only lessened his influence for good among his brethren, but among the heathen as well. It was not likely that the savages would be greatly impressed by one who was drunk one day, and the next preached righteousness. In his drunkenness, he often railed at the Christians, and, even though he repented in sackcloth and ashes afterwards, the evil effect of his conduct was not so readily counteracted.

Under date of July fifteenth, 1801, the diary states: "We were grieved to hear that Joshua had fallen into his old sinful ways again, in that he secretly took his son to a witch-doctor to have him cured. This saddens us the more because he is our interpreter. When it becomes known among the heathen, it will do great hurt to the cause of the Lord. We spoke to him about it and he could not deny his guilt. He expressed his deep regrets that he had acted so unfaithfully and was very penitent. God grant, that he may seek the forgiveness of the Lord and find it. After we had talked the matter over with him, we could do nothing else than to exclude him from Communion, which is the denial of a privilege he greatly enjoys. This affected him deeply."

Christian, the occasion of Joshua's fall from grace, was an invalid and gave his father a great deal of anxiety. For several years before his death, he suffered from an open sore on his neck. On April seventh, 1802, Brother Kluge was called to his bed-side, because the father thought his end was near. He was very weak and quite out of his mind, so that the missionary

could not speak with him. All he was able to do was to sing a few hymn verses for the sorely afflicted young man and to pray that the Saviour might release him, if it was His holy will. The day before, however, he had pointed the poor sufferer to the Saviour and begged him to remember how much the Lord had suffered for us all, and for him, in order that he might be saved and live eternally with Him. Four days later, at the age of nineteen, he passed away. Little is known of the young man's life. He was an invalid even when he left Goshen with the rest of the little colony. While in Indiana, he was sick almost continually. Though he was a man of few words, he frequently complained that he had to suffer so much. He was exceedingly reticent in matters pertaining to his soul, and when the missionaries talked to him about his spiritual welfare, a bare yes or no was all they could elicit from him.

Joshua was greatly attached to his son, and when he was taken away, the strain proved too much for him. In the diary for April twenty-first, we read: "We were grieved to hear that our interpreter had gone to a big spree in the heathen town, four miles away. There he made known his bereavement, and according to heathen custom, he and the savages bewailed the loss of his son, and drank whisky. As the result of it all, Joshua became drunk and disgraced himself among the heathen. In the evening, while still intoxicated and with his face painted black, he returned home. He said that he sorrowed on account of his son's death. Oh, what a sharp pain he gave us by this fresh sin! But a few days ago he had quarreled with his wife and struck her. Afterwards he told us that he had confessed his sin to the Lord, had asked for pardon and had pledged new obedience to God, and now to see him fall again and surrender himself to Satan in this way!

"Early next day, he secretly packed his belongings with the intention of going over to the heathen entirely. Just as he was loading his goods in a canoe, we came from our corn-field on the other side, and discovered him. Brother Kluge asked him where he was going. His answer was that he was no longer worthy to stay in our midst, for he had sinned too deeply. 'I recently begged forgiveness and promised the Lord and my teachers obedience,' said he, 'and told you if I acted wickedly again, you

should not put up with me any longer in the congregation. Therefore, I am leaving of my own accord and will give you no further trouble.' Brother Kluge replied: 'Yes, what you say is only too true, but it hurts us to the quick, nevertheless, to see you in your old ways and now separating yourself so indifferently from the congregation and from the Lord to surrender yourself wholly to the Devil. Think of how much the Lord has done for you. Remember with how much patience He has borne with you. Had it not been so, you would have perished long ago. We have so often warned you and entreated you to hold fast to the Lord and beg of Him a new heart. All has been in vain. Evidently your desire is to hasten your destruction. You will suffer for it some day, and when too late, you will regret it. You will have to give an account of your sins to God and of the disgrace you have brought upon the Lord's cause. It is for you to decide; do now as you please.'

"We then left him. In his misery he cried aloud: 'Is there still pardon for me?' Brother Kluge turned about and said: 'With the Lord there is forgiveness for every sinner who in penitence seeks it.' Thereupon, he wept bitterly, and carried everything back to his house. During the afternoon, Sister Kluge saw him prostrated on the ground, weeping and praying aloud. Toward evening, still weeping, he came to us, confessed everything and acknowledged that in all the congregations to which he ever belonged, he had grieved God and his teachers by his sins. All this rested upon him like a heavy burden. He begged us to forgive him this time, because he would not rest day or night until he also secured the forgiveness of the Lord. We assured him that we would gladly forgive him, but that he should not be content with that, because it would not help him unless he found favor with God."

Next day, the missionaries received a letter from him, which read as follows: "I, Joshua, have sinned greatly against God and against man. How I have allowed myself to be deceived by Satan! I cannot fully realize what I have done. I have become a disgrace, which I regret with all my heart. I am sorry and I am sad. But I believe that I am still in God's hands, because my life is in His care. If it depended on my works, I should have perished long ago. His immeasurable grace has preserved me

hitherto, therefore, I cry unto the Lord, with my whole heart, and ask Him to have mercy on me, a poor sinner—a sinner torn in soul and body. Remember me before the Lord, dear Brethren.” Shortly after this, he was re-admitted into the congregation.

Reference has been made to the disagreement with his wife. In 1801, on the fifth of November, he had married the widow Abigail, but unfortunately the marriage was not a happy one, as the fact that he beat her would indicate. Their days together were spent in strife and discord, and finally, some time during the early part of the year 1803, they separated. About a year later, Abigail died in a sugar camp about ten miles from the mission. This left Joshua free to marry again, if he chose. In July, 1904, the missionaries heard to their great sorrow, that he had sold his cow and everything he had, in order that he might persuade one of the Indian women to marry him. The heathen merely laughed at him, and no one would listen to his entreaties. For a month or so, he was in an exceedingly bad way, then he returned to the mission and begged for permission to live there again. “Do what you will with me,” he said, “only permit me to stay with the brethren. I have no rest and no peace among the heathen.” Though this poor man had given a great deal of trouble and had brought much dishonor on the Lord’s cause among the Indians, he was received on probation once more. He was told, that he would have to leave at once, should he resume his evil practices. But he was very penitent and solemnly promised, by the grace of God, to change his life and to do better in every way. September seventh, he was re-instated in the congregation. Later on, he married a Monsey woman by the name of Peggy, with whom he lived a reasonably happy life until some time before his tragic death.

Heckewelder, in his “Narrative of Moravian Missions,” gives the following interesting account of Joshua: “This Indian, of the Mohican tribe, was born in the year 1741, at Wechquadrach, an Indian village bordering on the Connecticut river, in New England, where the Brethren at that time had a mission; but the white people, some time after, becoming troublesome on account of the land they occupied, which they wanted and finally took from them, the Indian converts, fifty-four in number, besides

their children, emigrated on invitation of the Brethren, to Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, and afterward settled on a tract of land purchased for them, about twenty-seven miles distant from that place. Here they built a town which was called Gnadenhuetten (cabins of grace).

"The father of the Indian Joshua (who bore the same name) was one of the first two Indians who were baptized at Bethlehem in the year 1742. Count Zinzendorf himself, together with the missionary Buettner, officiated on the occasion. This Joshua (the father) was, from the time of his baptism unto his death in 1773, a faithful and useful member of the church, being both a national assistant, or warden, and an interpreter of the sermons preached to the Indians." (See Loskiel's History, part third, pages 108 and 109, English translation.)

Further light is thrown on the life of Joshua, with whom our history is concerned, in Heckewelder's Narrative, in which we read: "Joshua, the son, was brought up in the fear of the Lord, and had from his childhood been within the pale of the society. He had a genius for learning both languages and the mechanical arts, was a good cooper and carpenter, could stock a gun nicely, and no one excelled him in building a handsome canoe. He also, with a little assistance from the missionary of the place where he dwelt (Wyalusing), made a spinnet for the use of the congregation and was the chapel musician while they lived there, having learned to play on the instrument and the organ at the time when the Christian Indians were stationed at Bethlehem, in the year 1756, '57 and '58, during the continuance of the war between the English and French.

"He spoke both the English and German well and could write letters in either of these languages, especially in the latter. He was fond of reading in the Bible, hymn book and other religious books. The murder of his two beloved and only daughters, between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years, by Williamson's party at Gnadenhuetten, on the Muskingum, in 1782, was a hard stroke for him to bear. Often, very often, has he been seen shedding tears on this account, though he was never heard to utter a revengeful sentiment against the murderers. He, however, could not conceal his astonishment that a people who called themselves Christians and read the Scriptures, which he sup-

posed all white people did, could commit such acts of barbarity and was firmly persuaded that if all the Indians had the Bible and could read it, they would be a better people." Joshua was sixty-five years of age at the time of his death.

The Indian brother, John Thomas, and his family, likewise proved a great stumbling block to the cause of the Lord. Unlike Joshua after he had sinned, Thomas would be guilty of the grossest immorality, and then, instead of showing the least sign of repentance, he would become defiant and abusive to the missionaries. In May, 1802, he was untrue to his wife, who naturally became quite wrought up, though her husband did not care at all. A few days later, he went to a heathen village to work, and instead, became hopelessly drunk one time after another. His wife, who at first threatened to leave him, changed her mind and followed him.

June sixth, the diary records the following disagreeable experience: "In the afternoon, we had an unpleasant time with one of our people. There is a young Indian, Samuel by name, Catherina's son, who has been with us for some time. Two years ago this fellow left Goshen with a heathen woman and has lived here among the heathen ever since. Uninvited, he came and took up his abode with his mother. He has tried in every way to insult us by his heathen practices. He painted his face, went to the Indian towns and became drunk. Then he returned and went about our village, screaming as only a drunken savage can..... His mother, though a communicant member of the congregation, saw all the scandal he created, but never said a word against it. In the presence of two Indians, we admonished the young man to mend his ways or to leave us. We reminded him of his baptism, and, in a kindly way, showed him the evil of his conduct, pointing out to him that he would be eternally lost unless he became converted, but he was perfectly indifferent, and at last walked off, saying: 'I do not want to be a Christian.'

"Soon after this his step-father, John Thomas, who has been in a bad way for some time, came to our house in great wrath. He took us severely to task for speaking to Samuel, as we did. After he had given utterance to a great many wicked expressions, he said: 'This is Indian land, and I will see to it that you are driven away to the white people from whom you came.'

The Chiefs also speak of it, for they only invited the Indians to come here, and not you.' We answered him: 'We are very sorry that you have so yielded yourself into the hands of Satan, and that you are head over ears in sin. You are trying to hinder the work of the Lord. This will some day become very grievous to you. But do what you wish, God is stronger than you.'

"This man has given us a great deal of trouble already. The longer he lives, the worse he gets. He knows full well that we cannot send him away. If we should try, he would only laugh at us and worry us all the more. By force we cannot accomplish anything. The Lord is our only source of help and consolation." Later he moved entirely to a heathen town, where his little child Bethia died soon after. The latter part of the year 1803, they returned to the mission, and here their little daughter Elizabeth passed away. Thereupon, he came to Brother Kluge and told him that now his little children were buried, there would be nothing to hinder him and his family from travelling, consequently they would return to Goshen, where they would not have as many temptations as here, for their heathen friends were constantly seeking to lead them astray. In Goshen, it would be different. Brother Kluge was more than pleased with this and urged them to carry out their resolution.

John Thomas and his wife left, but not for Goshen, or if they did, they never reached there; at least, not at that time. A year or so later, Catherina, very much discouraged, came to the station and begged for permission to stay. She had a pitiful tale to unfold. She censured her husband on account of his wickedness, saying that he was not only a confirmed drunkard, but guilty of every imaginable sin. At first the missionaries were deaf to her petitions, but she was persistent, and in the end her wish was granted. Three days later she brought her children. Her husband had abandoned her entirely, and soon after they heard that he had married another woman. Poor Catherina was very weak herself, and in spite of her apparent penitence, she could not resist the temptation of attending a heathen festival, a few months later. When Charles Henry and Ska came to the White River with a message to the Chiefs, the latter part of September, 1805, she was persuaded, for her own good, to embrace the opportunity to accompany the returning deputies to Goshen.

The story of the old Indian brother Jacob and his wife, Mary, will be related in another chapter. It is not so strange, perhaps, that the Christian Indians, who were after all not so very far removed from heathenism, should fall. They were exposed to sore temptations. Most of them had friends and relatives among the degraded savages in the neighborhood. The wife of Jacob was the niece of Pachgantschihilas, and, as previously mentioned, the sister of an Indian captain. There was naturally the most intimate intercourse between Christian and savage, with the result that the former was drawn down to the level of the latter, instead of the believer transforming the heathen. But this made the trials of the missionaries no easier, and it is no wonder that they became sorely disheartened.

Realizing the tremendous odds against them and overwhelmed with the hopelessness of their task, they asked to be transferred to some other field of labor. This was in March of the year 1803. The Helpers' Conference encouraged them to stay and for the time being their drooping spirits revived, for Brother Kluge wrote: "Your representations and advice cheered us greatly. By the grace of God we will remain at our post as long as the Saviour sees fit to keep us here. Even though the prospects for the conversion of the heathen were never so dark, we will trust the Lord, for with Him nothing is impossible. We have resolved to visit all the Indian towns at planting-time, when most of the people are at home, to see if we cannot find some souls who would like to hear the gospel-message."

Unfortunately these brave words could not change the perilous conditions with which they were daily confronted. The hatred of the Indians against the Word of God and against white people increased, and insult and abuse became the daily portion of the missionaries. The savages threatened to kill their cattle and then to find a way to get rid of them if they would not cease preaching the gospel and leave of their own accord. Matters became worse when the head-chief was dismissed and every Indian did as he pleased, the worst miscreant being held in highest esteem. In their extremity, various plans suggested themselves to the missionaries. Believing that the Helpers' Conference did not understand the situation, they asked permission for one or the other to go to Bethlehem to talk matters over.

This was not feasible, because it was out of the question for Brother Kluge to leave his wife and children, and besides, it was impossible for one man to do the work at the station. Once they thought of transferring the mission to another place, away from the danger-zone. This plan was also impracticable. It would have been impossible to put up the necessary buildings before winter set in, and where would they have found the money needed for the purpose? Then, too, they would have had no feed for their cattle. There was but one way open to them, and that was to give up the mission entirely. But to this the Helpers' Conference would not give its consent, so the loyal servants of the Lord remained at their post until they were almost compelled to flee for their lives.

CHAPTER VII

PROGRESS OF THE WORK

The missionaries found it very difficult to learn the Indian language. It was not until the first of July, 1804, that Brother Kluge was able to preach his first Indian sermon. Though it was not an easy matter even then, the little congregation greatly enjoyed the effort; probably all the more, because the message had hitherto come through an interpreter, for whom the Indian brethren and sisters could not entertain the highest respect. Naturally the Indians preferred their teachers to speak with them in their own language, especially so, because they had the suspicion that their interpreter did not always convey the exact meaning of the missionaries. Joshua was bright, and it is quite likely that he would tone down those parts of the message that touched or condemned the sins of which he was guilty.

One reason why it took so long before the missionaries could make use of the Indian tongue was the great amount of other work which had to be done. But the greatest handicap was the fact that they had no Indian translations or dictionary to assist them in their linguistic labors. They had Zeisberger's translations, it is true, but these did not prove of much use, because they contained a mixture of Monsey and Unami, and nothing but the latter was spoken by the Delawares in general. Joshua proved a great help in this connection, because he was proficient in Indian as well as in German.

The little chapel had no organ, but this lack was supplied by Brother Luckenbach, who accompanied the singing of the little congregation on the violin or clarionet. This was greatly enjoyed by the Indians, who were very fond of music of any kind. That the children shared in this fondness for the fine art is shown by a pleasing little note in the diary, January 8, 1803. It reads: "During the evening, the Indian children came to Brother Luckenbach to ask him to play the violin for them, because they wanted to sing." While on a visit to the mission, the wife of

Tedpachsit very interestingly related how she had once been moved to tears when she heard some one play on a piano in Gnadenhuetten.

His wife's reference put old Tedpachsit in a reminiscent mood. He told how he had heard much beautiful music while on a visit to Lititz. A large thing, which the people called an organ, had pleased him greatly. Pachgantschihilas, who was with him at the time, was so deeply moved, that he almost wept. He would have given way to his feelings entirely, had he not quickly reminded himself that, as a war-chief, he should be able to hear and see anything without a show of emotion. Tedpachsit expressed the opinion to the missionaries, that the hearts of the Indians could be softened, if they had an organ like that. When reminded that music was not sufficient to change the heart; that the Word of God alone could save; and that, if the Indians would faithfully hear the preaching of the gospel and be converted, it might be possible to get an organ, some day, the old chief answered: "You are right; I will do what I can to have the Indians come and hear the Word of God."

The Indians were likewise fond of pictures. One day a number of them came to the mission and asked to see the picture of Jesus on the cross. After they had looked at it for a long time, and had heard the story of His love, they quietly went away. Later they told some Indian friends, that the missionaries would do more good, if they represented, in picture form, all they taught about heaven and hell; and if, in like manner, they showed the punishment for every sin. This is an interesting, psychological side-light. Since the symbolic and dramatic tendencies are the strongest instincts of childhood, it is but natural that these children of the forest should have craved a large number of symbols and ceremonies. The missionaries would have increased their usefulness greatly, had it been possible to satisfy these natural desires of the Indians among whom they labored.

There were other visitors who came to the mission. One July evening in the year 1802, a large Twechtowe family, consisting of nine adults and one child, arrived at the station. They encamped near the Christian village. Taking an old Frenchman, who was acquainted with their language, as interpreter, Brother Kluge called on the newcomers. After the greetings

were over, the whole family arose, shook hands and courteously begged him to have a seat in their tent. An old woman, the mother of the family, in the name of her children and grandchildren, then spoke as follows: "Father, I and my children and grandchildren are glad to see you, today. We come from a distance, a hundred miles away, from beyond Post Vincennes, where there is a large town of our nation. I and my husband, who died long ago, were baptized in our youth by a French priest. He is dead a great many years and we have seen no other since."

She then showed a medal on which was engraved a man's face, with a chalice in his hand. "This," she continued, "the priest gave me. He told me to take good care of it. He gave my husband a little bell to remind him of the church. My husband, before he died, said to me and my children, of whom none are baptized, that we should find another priest. If we found one, we should remain with him and not live among the other Indians. We have hunted for a long time, but found no priest until we came to this river. In a Delaware town not far from here, we heard some one tell of our father. As long as we remained in the Delaware town, the sky was always dark and covered with many thick clouds. One of my sons was always sick and unhappy. None of us could breathe, therefore we left that place and came to our father. As soon as we came here, the sky cleared so that we saw no more thick clouds, the day became beautiful, the sun shone brightly and my son became well immediately and we could breathe comfortably."

Hereupon, according to Indian custom, Brother Kluge called them his children and assured them of his sympathetic interest; told them that he loved them sincerely, that he rejoiced at their arrival, and especially that his dear children had come such a long distance to hear the Word of God. "We will devote ourselves to you," he said, "and tell you all about the Heavenly Father in order that you may know His will." In response, they expressed their unbounded pleasure. On the following days the missionaries visited them frequently, and, in turn, they came to the meetings every evening, where they sat and listened very attentively. Their faces were painted and otherwise adorned with silver coins. The ornaments of one consisted of eighty

silver dollars. The following Sunday, the Twechtowes attended the regular church service, at the close of which the missionaries conducted a special meeting for them, the old Frenchman mentioned before acting as interpreter. They were very attentive.

Toward evening, the whole family, accompanied by the Frenchman, came to the house of Brother Kluge. The old mother, in the name of her children and grandchildren, spoke as follows: "Father, you have already told us a great many good words. We are well pleased, because we believe them. We do not want to leave here. Give us a place where we can build a house for ourselves. All of us desire to become Christians, and in time we will bring our friends here." Brother Kluge expressed his pleasure at hearing this, and explained to them the rules and regulations of the Christian village. They were pleased with them, and readily promised to obey them to the letter. Hereupon all shook hands and departed. The next day the site for their new home was selected and they immediately began the erection of a bark house. Four days later, the missionaries learned that the Twechtowes had deceived them. They had brought six gallons of whisky to the village and all became drunk. The missionaries told them that they must leave at once both the village and the neighborhood. Fortunately, they packed their belongings and goodnaturedly left, for which the missionaries were heartily glad, because they had no legal authority, and could not have compelled them to go away, had they resisted.

This was not the only time they were deceived. In October of the second year, an Indian woman named Martha moved to the mission settlement. She had been baptized many years before. Her husband had been a Frenchman. After she had been with the missionaries for a while, she proved to be of such dissolute character, that she had to be driven away. Later she returned, pretending that she was sick of her sinful life and desired conversion, and wanting to take up her permanent residence at the station. She made all sorts of promises, but they were soon forgotten and she resumed her old habit of drinking. If she heard that there was whisky in some place, she was sure to go there. One day, she came back sick and begged the mission-

aries not to turn her away, but to allow her to go into her house. Not long after, her heathen friends came to see her. Among these was the witch-doctor, Hockingpomsga. After they had gone, she called Brother Kluge and confessed her sins. She appeared particularly penitent, but next day the witch-doctor paid her another visit and bewitched her. She waited until she was quite well, then she left of her own accord. One day a number of women who lived in the Spanish territory along the Mississippi River visited their friends in the Indian town four miles away. They also came to the Christian settlement. They related many wonderful tales about the Mississippi Valley, as all Indians were in the habit of doing, if they came from some distant country. They told how much nicer it was where they came from than it was on the White River. They said that the land on which they lived was very sweet in taste, so that they ate it like sugar. The children were especially fond of it and ate a great deal, without hurting themselves in the least. One of the Indian sisters remarked: "Then you do not have to plant corn, if you can eat the soil." "Oh, yes," one of the heathen women said, "we plant corn, too; we only eat the sweet earth for pleasure."

In August of the first year, Brother Kluge and his family had a providential escape. Back of his tumble-down hut, there stood an old, rotten oak. The Indians had been told to chop it down, but they maintained that, if it fell, it would not fall in the direction of the hut. It happened, however, that just as the missionary family was eating dinner, the tree suddenly came down with a mighty crash, half of it striking one end of the hut and crushing it completely. Brother Kluge's infant son, sleeping in the section which was demolished, was completely covered with bark and small pieces of rotten wood. The parents supposed that the poor child must be mortally injured, but when they lifted him out of the debris, he was not hurt in the least, and continued to sleep peacefully. They could not help but marvel at God's gracious protection. All might have lost their lives, therefore their hearts were filled with deepest gratitude.

Quite a number of the baptized Indians, who had drifted westward after the dispersion brought about by the Gnadenhuetten massacre, and who now lived in heathenism among the savages

on the White River, found their way to the mission, from time to time. A few of these renewed their faith in the Saviour. Thus Anna Salome, a young woman who had been baptized in Ohio, asked to be re-admitted into the congregation of the faithful. This was the first occasion on which the lot was used on the White River. It was the fourth of August, 1801. The answer was affirmative, and some time later, she was received on re-confession of faith. Her little girl was baptized and received the name of Susanna.

The first adult baptism took place on November second of the first year. This was the real first-fruit of the mission. The candidate was a widow and the daughter of the Indian brother Jacob. She was suffering from dropsy in the last stages. In this condition she was brought to the station. She wanted to spend her last days at the mission, for the purpose of being near her father and of learning the way to the true God. Her desire was to depart from the world in peace, for she knew that her days were numbered. When told of Jesus' love for sinners, that He had shed His precious blood for her sins, and that she might be saved, if she only believed, she said: "Yes, that is my desire. While still in health, I heard you preach the good word, last summer, and I thought about it a great deal. I wanted to come to you before this, but could not, because I became sick. But now I want to pass my last days on earth with you."

Next day, she begged to be baptized. "I am not content in my sickness," she said; "I believe that Jesus died for my sins and that I, too, may be saved. I want to be washed in His blood and to be baptized." It was touching to see with what eagerness and joy she answered the questions which were put to her. She was then baptized and received the name Magdalena. Christ's gracious presence was strongly felt. The newly-baptized woman was filled with gratitude for the great favor which she had enjoyed and for one whole week she lay perfectly still. Soon after, she peacefully fell asleep, and a number of days later the missionaries accorded her Christian burial.

The second adult baptism took place on Christmas day of the same year. This time the candidate was an old blind Monsey woman, who had spent some time at the mission, where she had found her Saviour. After her baptism, her soul was full of light

and, in her newly-found happiness, she exclaimed: "Never in all my life have I felt as happy as I do now. I am perfectly happy and feel as content as if I had enough of everything." She was old and her days were numbered. On the twenty-second of February of the succeeding year, she peacefully passed away, and the poor, old body, which had been stricken with blindness so long, was committed to the grave.

There were five children in the congregation. For these Brother Luckenbach, after the manner of Moravian missionaries, established a school. In a letter dated September thirtieth, 1802, he wrote to Brother Van Vleck: "I have made several attempts to establish a school. Even though the number of children is very small indeed, I take pleasure in teaching them. If they would only take more interest, and the parents would encourage them, instead of dragging them, Indian fashion, to every place they go, so that they attend school for a month or more and then stay away for an equal length of time, or even longer. Meanwhile, they forget all they have learned. Nevertheless, I will do my best to keep up the school this winter. There are really only two of our baptized children in attendance, the others, as for example, the children of Mary's daughter, are merely visiting in our village. Needless to say, the school never amounted to much, for the reasons given.

But there were other grounds for its failure, too. The Chiefs, and Pachgantschihilas in particular, were strongly opposed to it, as shown in a letter written by Brother Kluge in November, 1804. He wrote: "The Delaware Chief Pachgantschihilas this summer forbade the Indians to hear the Word of God. He also gave strict orders to Mary, the Indian sister, that she must not send her grandchildren, which, according to Indian custom, are his grandchildren, too, to school, because he did not want them to become Christians. Later, however, he sent the following message to us: 'Brethren, remember no more that I forbade my grandchildren to go to school. Perhaps I was drunk when I said that. Therefore, do not think of it any more. My desire is that they and all other children, whom parents wish to send, shall learn everything you teach them in your language, especially to read and write. Perhaps I may live to see the day that my grandchildren will be able to write, and that will be a joy to

me.' Such promises as these we have often heard from the Chiefs since we are here, but they were never fulfilled."

In January of the second year, the missionaries rejoiced to hear from a Detroit merchant who visited them, that a number of Fairfield Indians had told him that they intended to move to the White River. Nothing ever came of it. In May of the same year, the Indian Chiefs visited in Philadelphia, and on their way home stopped at Lititz, where they were hospitably entertained by the brethren. They had been called to Philadelphia to a conference of Government officials. The parents of Sister Kluge embraced the opportunity to send her letters, which filled her heart with joy.

When the annual fever in fall demanded a rather heavier toll of deaths than usual among the Indians, the superstitious heathen became alarmed. This grave matter was earnestly discussed at the council fires. Some of those inimical to the gospel thought the Christians in the neighborhood were to blame. But, fortunately for the Christians, the Chiefs were of a different mind. Their suspicions fastened themselves upon two Indian women of another tribe, who were reported to have said that they would bring great sorrow upon the Delaware nation. It was rumored that these women had assumed the form of night owls and had gone about the Indian towns for the purpose of bewitching and enchanting, with the result that the terrible sickness, which brought so many deaths in its wake, followed. The two witches were condemned to death, without a hearing. The execution was given into the hands of a Shawnee warrior, who murdered them in cold blood with his battle-axe.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CLOUDS OVER THE MISSION BECOME THREATENING

The year 1803 brought with it a great many trials and tribulations. The sky of the missionaries became overcast ; threatening clouds, heavy with trouble and distress, gathered with ever-increasing rapidity as the days went by, until finally they burst into the violent disturbances that destroyed the mission, and put in jeopardy the lives of Christ's faithful witnesses. The only silver lining to these clouds was the cheering presence of the living Saviour, who strengthened and comforted them, as He only can. Otherwise, the situation was practically without a ray of cheer. The baptism of an old Indian woman to whom the name of Elizabeth was given, was the only outward sign of encouragement. The sinful practices of the Indian brethren continued ; the heathen were forbidden by the Chiefs to come to the mission to hear the Word of God ; the little flock became discouraged because the young Indians remained untouched by the gospel ; and the number of Christians diminished rather than increased ; added to this, there was not only the usual amount of sickness, but a general famine prevailed. The Indians paid a dollar for a peck of corn, if they could obtain it. Surely the lot of the missionaries was not an easy one. It was about the middle of this year that the tremendous excitement arose in connection with the war-scare, mentioned in a previous chapter.

In a wise and tactful way, Governor Harrison tried to fulfill the instructions given him by Congress. The Government distributed each year a number of presents among the Indians, every man's share, according to the diary, being a suit of clothing valued at about twelve dollars, or its equivalent. Other things may have been given, but this is what the Christian Indians, who likewise made the annual pilgrimage to Fort Wayne, where the distribution took place, brought back with them. In the summer of 1804, the Indians were told that henceforth their gift would be in the shape of money, with the understanding that they should pay part of the wages of white laborers whom the Govern-

ment would send for the purpose of building fences and houses for them, so that they could keep horses and cattle after the manner of white people. At the same time they were instructed to assist with the work which was to be done among them. The Government also promised to furnish them with the necessary farm implements, if they would use them and live as civilized people, an offer which had been made a number of times before.

The whole matter apparently met with the hearty approval of the Chiefs at the time of the conference. Later, however, when they were by themselves, they expressed different sentiments. They said that they had accepted the proposition merely because they would not have had any rest otherwise. It became plain that they had no desire to fulfill their part of the contract. Nevertheless, the following spring white laborers were sent, and the building operations began under the direction of a trader named John Connor.* When the Indian brethren heard that the Chiefs had received the promised gift from the Government, they asked for rails, too. Pachgantschihilas readily promised them a thousand for their use at the station, and in due time they were received.

It is significant that just about the same time the Government was putting forth such strenuous efforts to introduce civilization among the savages, the Indians began to dream dreams and to see visions. That there was a strong connection between the two cannot be doubted. The content of these visions makes this clear. After the proposition made by Governor Harrison that the Indians should adopt a civilized mode of life, the Chiefs spent much time in earnest deliberation. Not long after an Indian, while on the chase, had a vision, and others followed in rapid succession. An old Indian appeared to him, saying: "I am your grandfather and am come to tell you something. Game is no longer plentiful. This is all your own fault. You should not listen to the white people nor seek to imitate them by keeping horses, cows and pigs, and by clothing yourselves in the cloth which the whites bring you. You must not do this any longer.

*This trader is thought to have been the first white man in Indiana Territory. His parents used to live on the Muskingum, and he himself was baptized by the Brethren. He married a Delaware Indian woman.

You must live again as you did before the white people came to this country. You must clothe yourselves in skins as in the days of yore. Everything that you have from the whites must be put away. If you do this, you will have wild game in plenty and the deer will once more come in front of your doors." Pachgant-schihilas was inclined to give heed to this vision.

Next a Monsey woman by the name of Beade had a vision. This woman had been baptized in Friedenshuetten, but was now living among the heathen in Woapicamikunk. One evening, while sitting in front of her house, two men appeared unto her. Though she was unable to see them, she heard them say to her: "Sit still, for we have something to tell you. The Great Spirit is not satisfied with you Indians. You do such strange things at your feasts and sacrifices. You must have special spoons for these celebrations." With this, they threw down in front of her seven wooden spoons. One of them continued: "You Indians must revert to your old customs. You must love one another. If you fail to do so, a terrible storm will arise, tear down all the trees and every Indian shall be killed. In proof that these words are true, a child will be born, and he shall tell you how to live." At this point, a dispute arose between the celestial visitants. The one contended that a child should appear, while the other claimed that it would be an old man, who had lived a long time ago; nobody would believe a child, therefore the old man would rise from the dead. The dispute grew warmer and warmer, threatening to become violent, but finally they compromised on a recently departed captain, who should appear and tell the Indians how they should live and what they should do. This foolish fable met with great favor among the Chiefs and their people. The Indians were immediately called together and admonished to carry out the woman's instructions.

Surely this was a time of visions. One rapidly succeeded another, and all had the same dominant note. Another Indian woman assumed the role of a seer. In a measure, her revelation was a sequel to that of the Monsey woman. This time a man of most wonderful stature appeared, saying: "You Indians recently heard how you should sacrifice and live. You came together, it is true, but afterwards you followed your old customs anyway. You did not do as you were told. Let me tell you who I am: I

am the Devil. I, too, was present at your last feast. I confused your minds, so that you could not think clearly. Because you are continually doing my will, it will go badly with you, unless you turn about, and do even as the two spirits bade you." It was rather unusual to have the Devil so benevolently inclined, but that made no difference to the deluded Indians. Messengers were immediately sent out by the Chiefs for the purpose of announcing this new deception. The result was that more days and nights were spent in offering sacrifice, accompanied, of course, with the customary debaucheries.

These dreams or visions were related in the following manner. One would sing the dream with a loud voice, repeating only a few words at a time. These were then taken up by the others present and repeated in like manner. Meanwhile the principal singer would rattle a turtle shell which had a number of pebbles in it. They not only sang but they danced as well, the leader making all sorts of the most wonderful gestures and jumps. The rest imitated him as well as they could. Every time some one had finished a dream, all would gather about the totem pole. Toward this post they would then stretch their hands and, with a long, weird howl, the ceremony would come to a close. In this way, they believed that they thanked the Great Spirit, not only for the vision, but for the fulfillment as well. They regarded this ceremony with the utmost respect and reverence, insisting that God, who had given the vision, desired to be worshipped in this manner. These exercises were held in the Council House.*

*Brother Luckenbach has left us the following interesting description, in his Autobiography: "The Council House was about forty feet in length and twenty feet in breadth, where they usually celebrated their sacrificial feasts and dances. This house was built of split wood, piled up betwixt posts set in the ground, covered with a roof made of laths and the bark of trees, and having an entrance at either end; but there was no ceiling; three fireplaces stood in a straight line from end to end, with large kettles suspended over them, in which a mess of Indian corn and meat boiled together, was prepared for the guests to eat, after the dance was over. Platforms, one foot high and five feet wide, were raised all along the sides of the house, which were covered first with bark and then long grass on the top of that, to serve as couches for the guests to sit or recline upon while smoking their pipes and witnessing the dancing of the rest. These dances were invariably held at night, and sometimes continued for

About this time, Brother Kluge wrote: "Never since we are here have the Indians been in such a state of revolution as they are now. They often go in large numbers to the Indian teachers, in order that they may hear the foolish account of the old woman's vision. They spend eight days and nights in sacrificing, dancing and drinking whisky. Meanwhile they live in a constant state of fear, because the old woman tells them that they will be destroyed, if they do not give perfect heed to everything she tells them. At present the Indians do not want to hear anything save these extravagant lies. Time will tell what will come of it all."

Brother Luckenbach told a heathen woman that these visions, which were occupying so much of their attention, were nothing but the works of the Devil, and admonished her to believe the Word of God as it is revealed in Christ Jesus. He assured her that God in love had become man and as such had allowed Himself to be sacrificed on the cross for the sins of the world, so that all who would believe in Him should not perish but have everlasting life; that, if the Indians would only give heed to the Word, they would soon learn that Jesus was indeed the way, the truth and the life. The woman answered, with the most perfect indifference, "Is that so?" and walked off, without another word.

Undoubtedly there were many among the Indians who were not led away by these vagaries. Among these was the wife of old Tedpachsit. If her words may be relied upon, she was not far from the kingdom. On a visit to the mission, she talked freely about the visions. She said that she had no faith in them whatever. To her mind, the prayers and sacrifices of the Indians were fruitless, because they made no one better, but rather worse. She told the missionaries that she had often wished that she, too, like so many of her former friends, might become a Christian. Her mother had been among the believers. When told of the tender love of the Saviour for sinners, she listened very attentively, and with tears in her eyes, said: "Yes; I believe that every word which you say is the truth." Unfortunately,

weeks at a time. The whole was concluded by a sacrificial feast, for which the men had to furnish the venison and the bear's meat, and the women the corn-bread; and everything had to be prepared in the Council House, before all feasted together, amidst the observances of certain rites."

she could not be led to make a definite decision and accept Jesus as her Saviour.

For a long time the Indian brother Jacob* and his wife were the only members of the little flock who gave the missionaries no anxiety. About a year before the mission came to an end, however, they both became faithless. For a long time Mary suffered from consumption and at last was confined to bed. For years, she and her husband had been most faithful Christians, but at last they both gave way under the strain of her severe trial, coupled with the temptations held out by her heathen relatives and friends. In April, 1805, Brother Kluge wrote: "The

*A reference to Jacob in the Goshen Diary under date of September 27, 1799, throws an interesting light on his character. It is as follows: "At the speaking with the brethren and sisters previous to the communion, Jacob told Bro. Zeisberger that when a little boy, his father took him once to some of the ceremonies of the Indians (probably their sacrifices), and directed him to pray to God, which he did, though he did not know to whom he prayed. As he grew up, he often thought of what his father had told him, and prayed again to this God of whom he knew nothing, and could of course form no idea. Now since he had heard the gospel, he had learned to know who God was: it was that Saviour whom he preached to them. 'Yes,' said Bro. Zeisberger, 'and when you want to think of God, think only of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who became a man like one of us; He has still those wounds in His hands, His feet and His side, which were made when He was crucified for us. He was once dead, but is now alive forevermore. He is the true God, who hears our prayers, forgives our sins, and gives eternal life to all those that believe in Him.'"

Jacob before his conversion was a conscientious and moral heathen. He was one of those "Gentiles which having not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, and are a law unto themselves: which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness." (Rom. 2:14, 15.) He never went to war, from the conviction that it was wrong to kill his fellowmen; he totally abstained from the use of spirituous liquors, because he perceived that those who drank them became thereby sick, noisy, foolish and quarrelsome; he refrained from all open sins, from a consciousness of their impropriety, and the unhappy consequences which they produced. Thus as a devout man, and one who feared and prayed to God, he was perhaps even as a heathen accepted with Him. (Acts 10:2, 35.) Such examples we have reason to believe are rare. Scripture and experience have however made us acquainted with some of them. Jacob has ever had the fairest of characters, and was universally beloved by all that knew him, which his name, Pemahoalend, or "well-beloved," sufficiently denotes.

Indian sister Mary, who has been confined to her bed for quite a time, on account of consumption, gives us a great deal of trouble and heartache. In the beginning, it seemed as if she was wholly resigned to the will of the Saviour. At present, however, she and her old husband have no faith in Him at all. We feared this for a long time, because her heathen friends, of whom she has a great many in this community, constantly went to her and recently stayed with her for days. They did their best to instil in her mind their heathenism, especially by their system of doctoring. They told her that there was no reason at all why she should not become well again. To Jacob and Mary, ungrounded in the faith as they are, this naturally proved a strong temptation.

"The dire results of these temptations soon showed themselves clearly enough. We visited her more than once a day, without exception, ever since her affliction, and pointed her to the dear Saviour for comfort, and admonished her to persevere and place her whole confidence in the Lord, and in no wise look for help and comfort from any one save Jesus alone. In the beginning it seemed as if our earnest admonition had taken effect, but, all of a sudden, in the most unexpected manner, she announced to us that she desired to hear no more, because the Word of God would not heal her body; that her heathen friends had promised to cure her and that she now wanted to be taken to them. She further said: 'Let me alone now; I know best what is good for me. While I still lived among the heathen, the Indian doctors by their power made me well forty times, or else I would be under the ground long ago, and I have not forgotten it.' Do what we would, all our loving efforts to keep her from carrying out her intention were fruitless, especially so because her uncle, Chief Pachgantschihilas, had said that if we would not permit her to leave, he would have all of us driven away. On the Great Sabbath, they put the patient in a canoe and took her to Woapicamikunk to her uncle, who had sent Indians to assist in bringing her there."

Poor Mary was not the first nor the last who made shipwreck of her faith through the ills of life. She was taken at once to a sorcerer, who promptly subjected her to his treatment. Later Joshua came across her while in Woapicamikunk. She railed

at him fearfully, saying: "You, too, claim that the Indians worship the Devil." Joshua tried to persuade her of better things, but to no avail. A month later, Jacob and Mary returned to the Christian village, but instead of taking up their abode in their former home, they went to a little hut nearby. Mary was sick unto death. Jacob begged the missionaries to pray for her, which they were only too glad to do. But unfortunately, she had lost consciousness soon after their arrival, and consequently could neither speak nor understand. In this sad condition she lay for twenty-four hours. The missionaries saw that her end could not be far off, but they cherished the hope that she might regain consciousness before her final release. In this they were disappointed, because she died in a very short time. Jacob begged them to bury her, which they did. Thereupon the heathen friends, who had gathered, set up their fearful wailings. They had promised to behave, so the missionaries tried to stop them. The mourners then told them to go where they came from, that nobody had called them, and what was more nobody wanted them; the land belonged to the Indians anyway. It is refreshing to relate that Jacob afterwards repented of his back-sliding, was re-admitted into the congregation of the faithful and died, January, 1806, a firm believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Two events of far-reaching importance happened the latter part of May, 1805, and the months following. One of these was the sudden death of Chief Pachgantschihilas. It was largely through the instrumentality of this enemy of the gospel, that poor Mary fell away from the true faith. He assured her that he would go to heaven, where he had a house and wife awaiting him, therefore there was no need for him to listen to the white teachers. His sudden departure brought about a veritable revolution among the Indians, because he had been held in high esteem by his people. As was always the case under such circumstances, no one thought for a moment that he had died a natural death. They believed that he had been poisoned, and, truth to tell, this probably was the case. Tedpachsit was suspected of the crime, and in consequence his life was in constant danger.

In his "History of Missions Among the Indians," Loskiel says: "One of the most melancholy causes of painful disorders and

sudden deaths among the Indians is the use of poison. There is no want of poisonous herbs and trees for this purpose, and their noxious qualities are very different. One kind of poison operates by slow degrees, but brings on certain death in three or four months. Another sort causes a lingering illness, which may last a year or longer, but cannot be removed by any means whatever. A third species of poison kills in a few hours, but its effect may be prevented by a timely vomit. The Nanticokes instructed the Delawares and Iroquois in preparing a peculiar kind of poison, which is capable of infecting whole townships and tribes, with disorders as pernicious as the plague. The Nanticokes, who were the wretched inventors of this art, have nearly destroyed their own nation by it. They pretend that this method is inefficacious, unless a company of them unite in the same design. The Delawares have attempted to extirpate this shocking evil, but in vain, and they are therefore always in danger of poison." (Part I, Page 118.) From this it is evident that the Indians may have been right, when they suspected poison in connection with the death of Pachgantschihilas.

The other event that stirred the Indian population greatly was the breaking out of a very virulent bilious fever. A great many deaths followed in an incredibly short time. The Indians were puzzled, yea, dumbfounded. They did not know what to make of it. Why had this terrible scourge come upon them? Had they not recently celebrated a great many of their festivals, and had they not especially prayed for long life? Why then did the Great Spirit allow this fearful affliction to come upon them? To their mind there was but one answer to these questions. Either sorcery or poison must be at the bottom of the trouble. Plans were therefore made for a thorough investigation, and in a short time the lives of three Wyandotte Indians were sacrificed on the altar of their cruel suspicion and superstition.

Meanwhile the little mission was not left undisturbed. One day a horde of half-naked, drunken savages, with faces painted black, and armed with all sorts of murderous weapons, came to the mission and threatened to shoot the swine. The missionaries sought to disarm their hostilities with kind and friendly words, but when they saw that the bestial savages were merely seeking

a provocation to carry out worse intentions, they gladly retired from the field and kept still. One of the savages shot a pig, whereupon they dragged it away amid the most terrifying war-whoops. The missionaries afterwards complained to the Chief about this bold deed, but they received little or no satisfaction. He told them that he had no part in it; in fact, had tried to discourage them, and should anything of the kind be repeated, they should not think that he had given his consent to it. This was poor consolation indeed. To their dismay, the missionaries saw that the Chief was not only indifferent but powerless, even if he had any inclination to protect them.

Tedpachsit was no longer in office. The rule of the mob held sway, and everybody did that which seemed right in his own eyes. For the unprotected missionaries the situation became more and more precarious. Not only the mission, but their lives were in greatest danger. The savages began to leave their towns and settle near the station for no other reason than to make life miserable for them. Their lot became unbearable to the missionaries. To their sorrow, they saw that not only the gospel but they personally were hated in the most cordial manner. The Chiefs who had called them, or had pretended to do so, were no longer in power. The principal Chief had been deposed, Pachgantschihilas was dead, and Hockingpomsga had little or nothing to say. Who can blame the missionaries for petitioning the Helpers' Conference for permission to withdraw from the field and retire to a place of safety?

They were strongly urged to leave by Tedpachsit and his family, who spent three days at the mission during these troublous times. He complained bitterly that he had been forsaken by his people, who were now threatening his life. He said: "I sometimes have a notion to separate myself from these wicked Indians entirely and come to you. I see clearly that the religious practices of my people do not amount to anything at all. Instead of becoming better, the Indians are steadily growing worse. But at this place where you live now, I cannot live with you. Here you are entirely surrounded by hostile Indians. It is useless for you to stay any longer, because I am sure that not an Indian will be converted. They hate the Word of God and they are bound that you shall not teach it on this river. As long as Pachgant-

schihilas lived, we held the bad Indians in check and kept them from doing you harm, but you see for yourselves how things are now. Nobody listens to me, and everybody does as he pleases. I advise you not to stay here any longer." The missionaries assured him that they had realized for a long time how precarious their situation was, and had reported it to their superiors, but that they could not leave, except in the most dire necessity, until they had received permission to do so. Tedpachsit greatly feared that this would involve too much dangerous delay, but the missionaries, sincerely as they longed to leave the place of terror, possessed their souls in patience, and, then and there, began to preach the gospel to their friendly adviser.

About this time more fuel was added to the already existing excitement among the Indians. A number of them had been to Vincennes where they heard that the Twechtowe, Pottawatimi and other tribes had sold another large tract of land to the whites. What was more, it had been said in the presence of Governor Harrison, that in reality the Delawares had no land of their own, and consequently had no right to live on the White River. The nations referred to claimed that the land had never been given to the Delawares; that they had been simply given permission to live on it, but now that they began to dispose of it, without even asking the consent of the owners, they demanded it back again. As may be imagined, this unexpected turn of events excited the already wrought up Delawares still more. Some of them counselled immediate removal to the Mississippi Valley, while others were in favor of taking up arms and fighting for their rights.

Early in fall there was a slight rift in the clouds. The missionaries had the joy of welcoming Charles Henry and three other Goshen mission Indians. They received a number of letters and three Indian hymn books. Charles Henry had been delegated by the Indian congregation at Goshen to hold a conference with the Delaware Chiefs in order to determine the status of the missionaries and the Christian Indians on their domain. Joshua and Jacob accompanied the visitors to the council held at Woapicamikunk. The Goshen deputy was well received. He reminded the Indians of their invitation to the Christians, as also of their promise of support and protection, if

they came. The council received these reminders in the most kindly way and treated the deputy with the greatest respect, but in the end they did as they pleased anyway, and the mission was no safer than it had been before. On the twenty-eighth of September, Charles Henry and Ska, accompanied by Sister Catherina, the wife of John Thomas, and her three children, left for Goshen, and in due time arrived there safely. The two other Indians of the Henry party, Thomas White Eyes and Kaschatis, decided to remain in the White River country for the time being.

Another ray of brightness that for a brief space of time illumined the darkness, was the baptism of an old Cherokee woman, whose family had given the missionaries considerable trouble. Brother Kluge writes: "Under so many distressing circumstances, our dear Saviour, ever and again, renewed our hope and strengthened our courage, so that, in deep humility and with the consciousness of our own inability, we could preach the word of the cross to all who would listen. Our Lord owned our testimony, so that we could have the joy of baptizing, on Christmas Day, the old Cherokee woman, who has been living with us for some time. She received the name Hannah. A number of heathen, among whom were the deposed Chief Tedpachsit and his family, were present at the baptism and witnessed it with the deepest interest. The gracious presence of God, our Saviour, was strongly felt. The wife of Tedpachsit was so deeply moved that she broke out into loud weeping. Her testimony afterwards gave us great joy. She remained with us during the holidays, to hear, as she said, the Word of God aright." Hannah was the only adult who was baptized that year.

CHAPTER IX

STIRRING EVENTS LEADING TO THE ABANDONMENT OF
THE MISSION

Though a great many Indians had dreamed dreams and seen visions, all these dwindled into insignificance before the presumption of the arch-deceiver, who arose during the latter part of the year 1805. This prophet of evil was a Shawnee by the name of Laulewasikaw, which signifies "the loud voice." This man was the brother of the illustrious Tecumseh. He was among the followers of his brother when they settled among the Delawares on the White River, in 1798. For many years a rather respectable old Shawnee by the name of Penagashega had been engaged as a prophet among his people. At last he became sick and died. Laulewasikaw was not slow to recognize his opportunity. He seized the mantle as it slipped from the shoulders of the dying prophet and assumed the sacred office. Abandoning his old name, he forthwith called himself Tenks-wautaw, which signifies the "Open Door." This name was assumed because he pretended that the Great Spirit had called him to point out to the Indians the way of life.

The prophet admonished the Indians to put away their horses and their cattle, shave their heads and revert to the customs of olden times, in which event game would be plentiful again. Witchcraft was denounced in the strongest terms, because those guilty of it would be barred from heaven and would never see the Great Spirit. Drunkenness justly fell under the prophet's displeasure. In preaching against this great sin of his people, he was wont to relate that, since he had become a prophet, he had been up in the clouds. The first place to which he came was the abode of the devil. Here were congregated all persons who had died a drunkard's death and flames were continually issuing from their mouths. He acknowledged that he, too, had been a drunkard, but when he looked upon that awful scene, he reformed. Many of the Indians became alarmed and stopped drinking whisky. The intermarriage of Indian women with

white men was strongly condemned and given as one of the causes why the Indians were not as happy as in the days of yore. The prophet's code also embraced community of property, which was a wise regulation for such as he to advocate. The young men were urged to respect and support the aged and infirm. As a reward for those who would obey his precepts, he promised the comforts and happiness enjoyed by their forefathers. He also pretended to have received from the Great Spirit the power to cure all manner of diseases, to confound his enemies, and to stay the arm of death in sickness or on the field of battle.

It is generally believed that the prophet said nothing in the beginning of his career about the ambitious scheme of his brother to form an Indian confederacy against the whites. Nevertheless, it is very likely that he did not wait long before he mentioned it. This project in itself would have been sufficient to win him the ear and recognition of the Delawares, who were not at all satisfied with the treatment they had received, and were still receiving at the hands of the whites. Furthermore, the prophet held out the hope that the white people would surely be destroyed, if the Indians should be obedient to him as the agent of the Great Spirit. To impress the Indians with the truth of his prediction, he said that he had been shown a crab with mire in its claws from the bottom of the sea. "Behold this crab," said the Spirit; "it comes from Boston and brings with it a part of the land in that vicinity. If you Indians will do everything which I have told you, I will overturn the land, so that all the white people will be covered and you alone shall inhabit the land." But what appealed most strongly to the Delawares was his pretended power to reveal that which was hid. This was exactly what they desired, because they were anxious to get rid of the poison which had been used so freely among them, to the destruction of many.

Though Tenkswautaw was easily the leading prophet, he was not the only one who had been endowed with the spirit of prophecy. Among these minor prophets was a woman who had considerable influence. She made the Indians believe that she had seen God Himself and all His holy angels, and that God had laid the good spirit into her hands, whereupon she had taken it

into her mouth and swallowed it, so that the spirit within her revealed to her everything which God desired the Indians to do. By means of such gross deceptions, these instruments of Satan sought to keep the poor people under the influence of the powers of darkness, and unfortunately they were only too successful.

Meanwhile Tedpachsit and his family made active preparations to move to the mission. In fact, some of his belongings had already been brought there, when the prophet got in touch with him and easily persuaded him to change his mind. Having fallen into disrepute with his people, and being in momentary danger of his life, he must have considered it the better part of valor to bow to the will of the arch-deceiver, whose influence was daily becoming greater among the Indians. If what he is reported to have said is true, it is quite likely that the hope that he might save his life, forced the lie from his lips. He is said to have declared that he was convinced that the teaching of the missionaries was entirely false and led its adherents on the straight path to hell, because he had known more than one Indian who had arisen from the dead and every one assured him that there were no Indians in hell; only white people.

The later part of January, 1806, several Indians brought letters from the Helpers' Conference and from the brethren Zeisberger and Mortimer. The Helpers' Conference advised the missionaries to remove to another place and establish a mission there. In answer to this, Brother Kluge wrote: "We read your letter with a great deal of interest. We learn from it, that in accordance with the plain leading of the Saviour, you advise us to leave our place here, and to look about for another neighborhood in the Indian country, with the view of establishing a new work. This matter gave us a great deal of concern at first, because it brought to mind very vividly the many difficulties connected with the establishment of this settlement. Now we can count on still more, because we have no outside help whatever.

"But, since we recognize the necessity of finding another location only too well, and as we are now fully convinced that this is the will of our Lord and Saviour, in full reliance on His gracious assistance, we will be glad to take the risk. We know that what He asks us to do, He expects us in childlike obedience to carry out. To Him we owe body and soul. We therefore accept your

advice in the matter with willing minds, and will accommodate ourselves to the prescribed direction. The more we recognize our weakness and inability, the more we pray to the dear Lord that He should have mercy upon us and direct our way in accordance with His holy will. We have different localities in mind, which might be proposed, but not having the necessary knowledge concerning them, we will not say anything about them for the time being. As soon as something definite presents itself, we will let you know at once.

"It is remarkable that just at this time when the Lord directs us to change our place of work, we hear that the Indians, who live in the town four miles from here, desire to move to the Mississippi Valley. For this reason two of the baptized Indians who are with us, have no desire to accompany us elsewhere, because they believe that we would now enjoy rest and peace where we are, since the young Indians, who have given us the most trouble, are about to leave. We are aware, however, that these two think more of their houses, which they are loath to leave, than of anything else. This matter gives us considerable concern, because we have only four baptized Indians at present, and we would not like to leave one of them behind. We know beforehand that such would quickly revert to heathenism; at the same time, we cannot on their account act contrary to the direction of the Lord.

"Since we have no outside help whatever, we will be compelled to hire a man, for a short time, to assist us in the beginning of a new place. It is utterly impossible for us to do all the work alone; namely, build houses, clear the land, cut wood, split rails and plant, and do the many other things that a new settlement will bring with it. This would naturally involve some expense, but we have confidence in our brethren that they will not deny us the necessary means." Soon after this letter was written, Joshua was dispatched to Woapicamikunk to ascertain from Tedpachsit and a number of friendly Indians where a suitable locality might be found for a new station. To Joshua's great surprise, he found that they were wholly unfriendly to the project and to the work of God in general. They advised the Christians to remain where they were.

But the missionaries were not so easily discouraged. Brother Luckenbach and Joshua went up the river to spy out the land, but they found no place suitable for a new station. They next went south for a distance of eight miles or more. Again they were unsuccessful. Then they turned their eyes to the Mississinnaway or Lemachtesink, which was a whole day's journey away. The prospects in that vicinity were not any too good, there being little open land available for planting purposes. But since this seemed the only place at all suitable, and one to which no intoxicants would be brought, they concluded to weigh matters carefully before passing it by. Their further explorations, however, were soon brought to an untimely end. When the Indians learned that they intended to settle elsewhere, and that, too, against their advice, they were greatly displeased. They said: "The Christians have a good place where they are now, what more do they want? They are here but five years and now they want to move away. If allowed to do so, they will scatter the wild game still more, therefore we will not permit it. If they do not care to remain where the Chiefs originally placed them, they must go where they came from."

But the missionaries were not satisfied and decided to acquaint the Chiefs with their intention. The following message was therefore sent to Woapicamikunk: "Friends, last fall, as you remember, the Christian Indians from the Muskingum and we renewed our friendship with you. At that time we were glad to learn that you were still pleased to have us near you. We like to be with you and do not want to separate ourselves from you, in spite of the fact that so few of your number have accepted the Word of God, which we proclaim. We pray God that He may give you a true desire for His Word, for faith in the gospel alone can make you happy. Now, friends, hear what we have to say further. You know that it is almost five years since we came here, where the Chiefs placed us. We have learned during that time, that this is not a good place for the Christian Indians. Because it is essential that we live more undisturbed and in a quieter place, we came to the conclusion that it would be better if we would move a little farther to one side, where such of your number as desire to embrace the gospel might move and live unmolested. We ask you, therefore, for permission to seek for

a more suitable location than our present one. Undoubtedly you can give us good advice in the matter, because you are better acquainted around here than we. This is what we would ask of you, our friends. We sincerely desire you to regard us ever as your friends, yea, as your own flesh and blood."

Brother Luckenbach and Joshua were the bearers of this message to the assembled Indians in Woapicamikunk. To their great astonishment, they were not so much as given a decent hearing. One of the Chiefs handed back the wampum, saying, that they were busy with more important matters; that the young people now reigned and that the old no longer had anything to say; the Christians should stay where they were. The messengers remonstrated, whereupon they were informed in great wrath, that they could do as they pleased, there was nothing further to say. With sad hearts, Brother Luckenbach and Joshua returned home.

About this time the newly-baptized Hannah, actuated by fear, secretly went to Woapicamikunk to the heathen festival. She thought she could go and return without having the missionaries find out that she had been away. Her plan did not work. When she was ready to go home, she was informed that she had to stay an indefinite length of time. Several days later an Indian came to Joshua's house and gave utterance to all sorts of blasphemous lies. He said that the Indians knew only too well that as soon as any one was baptized, he was henceforth in league with the devil and belonged to him. He expressed pity for Joshua that he was so deceived. Joshua told him to spend all his pity on himself, because he was the one who was deceived and blind and ignorant, preferring to believe the lies of heathen teachers to the Word of God. The scoffing visitor laughed him to scorn. This same fellow afterwards came to the missionary's house and begged for something to eat. Remembering the words of our Lord Jesus Christ when he said: "If your enemy hungers, feed him," he received the desired food.

Though convinced that the Indians hated them most cordially, and that they would have nothing further to do either with them or the cause of the Lord, the faithful missionaries proved that they were shepherds of the sheep, and not hirelings. In spite of their cold reception at Woapicamikunk and the manifest oppo-

sition of the new Chiefs to their locating elsewhere, they still cherished the hope that the Lord would open the way to some other place where they might establish a new work. To this end, they scoured the neighboring country still further, but alas! their hopes were definitely blasted by the sad occurrence of the memorable thirteenth of March.

On this day, seven savages of the wildest sort, with their faces painted black, came to the mission and led away Joshua by force. They said that his presence was demanded immediately at Woapicamikunk, where the Indians were assembled at the call of the prophet to conduct a thorough investigation looking to the extirpation of sorcery, and the use of poison, which they believed at the bottom of the many deaths that had occurred so recently. Hither Joshua was to have come a few weeks before, but fortunately he had not been at home when the messenger came to lead him away. When told of the occurrence later on, Joshua said: "May God protect me! I do not want to have anything to do with their heathenish ways. My constant prayer is that the Lord should take care of me in these evil times and keep me faithful to the end." But this time he had to go and give an account of himself. The missionaries remonstrated with all their might, saying that Joshua was a Christian and had nothing to do with the heathen, but their energy and breath were wasted entirely. Theresa was now the only Christian Indian left at the mission. Their feeling cannot be imagined, much less described. In their anguish they turned to the Lord for refuge, pleading mightily that He should have mercy on them, and especially on the soul of poor Joshua. Several days later, they learned that he had been brought face to face with the accused Chief and easily proved that the charge against him was false. Thereupon Tedpachsit confessed that he had told a lie out of fear, with the hope that he might in this way quiet the excited mob, knowing all the time that Joshua was innocent.

It was at the instigation of the crafty prophet that the young Indians had banded together, dismissed their Chiefs and taken a large number of Indians prisoners. Any one hostile to the prophet and his plans was promptly denounced as a sorcerer or as one guilty of dealing out poison to the destruction of the Indians, and put to death. The deposed Tedpachsit was first to

be tried for poisoning Indians. There was a reason for this. At the bottom of the false charge was the prophet's hatred against the poor old man, because it had been through his influence that the whites were able to make the treaty with the Indians, in 1804, whereby a large tract of land between the Wabash and the Ohio Rivers was ceded to the United States. Being innocent of the accusation, Tedpachsit had nothing to confess. Thereupon his accusers bound him to a stake and began to torture him over a slow fire. It was then that the lie, which so cruelly involved Joshua, was wrung from his parched lips.

Though freed from the charge against him, Joshua was not allowed to go home. The prophet was not present at the preliminary examination, therefore all the suspects were kept under close guard until he should arrive. Pretending that he could read men's thoughts as well as their faces, and bring to light everything that was hid, the prophet came to Woapicamikunk to show the Delawares who among them were guilty of having poison in their possession. The Indians made it very easy for him, because they always told him beforehand whom they suspected. All that he had to do was to confirm their suspicions, and they were perfectly satisfied. Meanwhile the fate of Joshua and the other prisoners hung in the balance.

When the prophet arrived, the Indians were commanded to seat themselves in a circle, and with a great deal of pomp and ceremony, a large number were pronounced guilty of sorcery* or of concealing poison. Hockingpomsga was also among the prisoners. When the prophet was asked concerning Joshua, whom he could see with half an eye that they suspected and wanted out of the way, he said that he had no poison, but an evil spirit, by means of which he could destroy the Indians. What more could they want? They had now heard what they had desired for a long time. The condemned prisoners were kept

*The sorcerers were supposed to occasion disease and death at will. It was believed that one of the most skillful sorcerers could kill a man within twenty-four hours, and that not necessarily with poison, but by the employment of the black art, which was effective for a distance of four or five hundred miles. The Indians pretended that their witchcraft and poison had no effect on white people, because they ate too much salt.

under the closest surveillance until the punishment of death might be meted out to them.

Tortured by the thought of Joshua's probable fate, the missionaries could neither eat nor sleep. On the seventeenth of March their troubles increased. They were overwhelmed with horror and anguish as they saw ten murderous Indians, with faces painted black, bring Tedpachsit* near their settlement. In full sight of the mission, the cruel barbarians built a large fire. When all was in readiness, his own son buried the war-hatchet in the head of the unfortunate old man, and then, while still alive, they cast him bodily into the roaring flames. With fiendish glee they danced about the fire and made merry over the pitiful cries and frightful contortions of their hapless victim. Both the prairies and the woods were set on fire by the cruel procedure. Imagine the horror and amazement of the missionaries, when the inhuman monsters came into their house, after the cold-blooded murder, boasting of what they had done and asking for something to eat, and tobacco for their pipes. Nothing was left but to accede to their request. The son, wearing his father's belt of wampum, and displaying a number of articles that had been taken from the helpless victim before his murder, said: "This belonged to him, who discarded my mother and his oldest children, and took unto himself a young wife."

The missionaries composed themselves as well as they could under the terrible circumstances, and inquired after their old interpreter, and what was to become of him. They answered that Joshua was not a prisoner without a reason; that they knew well enough that he was familiar with the black art, by means of which he could destroy Indians and make them tame, and that his being a Christian was mere pretence. The missionaries tried their best to convince them that they were wrong, but in vain. They therefore sent a message to the captains of the wild and irresponsible savages, reminding them that Joshua was an old believer and had nothing to do with those things charged against him; that he had never had anything to do with them, because he belonged to God and shunned every work of the

*After the murder of Tedpachsit, the Delawares elected as their head chief Thahutoowelend, of the Turkey tribe.

devil; and furthermore, that he was a Mohican, and, as they knew well enough, had come here with them as their interpreter; that they demanded his immediate release, because they considered what they did to him, as done unto them. In spite of the fact that the murderers knew full well that the prisoner would be put to death that very day, they promised that they would deliver the message and that no harm should befall him.

Brother Kluge writes in this connection: "After we were once more alone, such a feeling of sadness overpowered us that we burst into loud weeping. We threw ourselves on our knees before the Lord in prayer, and besought Him for strength and resignation to His will. We pleaded that He should protect us and our poor Joshua with His powerful hand, at the same time commending our souls and that of our interpreter to His most gracious care. We prayed that He should grant us strength to remain faithful unto death, should it be His will that both we and Joshua should lose our lives at the hands of the frenzied savages. In spite of the fact that we had heard that the Indians suspected that we and all other teachers of Christian Indians took away all poison from the converts, and kept it, so that they might be made sick or put to death, if they failed to do as they were told; and though we did not know how far the Evil Spirit might lead the savages, or what our fate would be, since they had threatened to put out of the way any one who would in the least oppose their actions, our anxious hearts constrained us to send a message to the assembled Indians. We resolved to make a strong effort to rescue Joshua, and if we failed in that, to have at least a last word with him, or die in the attempt."

"Because it was impossible for me to leave my wife and children alone in this terrible state of affairs, Brother Luckenbach volunteered to go, with the intention, however, of looking up a trader on the way, who would accompany him. With high courage he rode away in the early morning of the eighteenth, but he had not gone more than half way, before he met the Indian Chief Kiktuchwenind, who told him that Joshua had been murdered the day before."

The missionaries learned later that his persecutors had formed a ring about him, after they had conducted him to a large fire, and then demanded that he should confess how many lives he

had already destroyed by means of his evil spirit. After he had solemnly declared his innocence, one of the savages stepped out of the ring and walked to the fire, apparently for the purpose of lighting the pipe, stuffed with tobacco, at the end of his tomahawk. When he came back from the fire, he gave Joshua a blow on the head with his tomahawk. Others followed suit, whereat all raised a tremendous shout, and barbarous hands took the bleeding body and threw it into the flames, where it was wholly consumed.

This was the most terrible blow of all. Brother Kluge writes: "Anguish and terror took possession of us, and we could not think clearly on account of fright; sighs and tears were now our portion. After we regained our senses somewhat, our first thought was to sell everything and flee to Goshen. Indeed, we had every preparation made to do this, when all of a sudden cold weather set in, and we were hindered from going, on account of the little children. After several days, we heard that Joshua had spoken a great deal at the place of his martyrdom, and that in a language which the savages could not understand. From this we suppose that he must have prayed to the Saviour in German, because he was in a very encouraging state of mind and heart, when the savages took him away from here. Furthermore, we heard that the Indians built an enormous fire, threw Joshua into it, and though they constantly fed the flames, after two hours his body was but slightly scorched, which enraged them all the more. After that they built a still larger fire, and even then his remains were not wholly reduced to ashes before morning."

Many other victims were burned to death. Among them was an old Indian woman named Caritas, who had been baptized by the Brethren in former days. She had visited at Bethlehem many times in her earlier years. Having fled westward to escape the murderous whites, who had killed so many of her relatives and friends, she became the unfortunate victim of her own people's superstition and cruelty. As soon as the prophet saw that she was suspected by the Indians, she was at once condemned as a witch, and her terrible fate soon overtook her. Caritas had no connection with the mission. A young Indian, commonly known as Billy Patterson, the nephew of Tedpachsit, was likewise accused of witchcraft, and burned. The wife of the

old Chief was also found guilty, but her life was saved by her brother, who boldly stepped up to her, took her by the hand and led her out of the council house. Strange to say, he did not meet with the least opposition. Later on this same man returned and defied the prophet, by exclaiming: "The Evil Spirit has come among us, and we are killing each other."

The mission diary contains an account of a somewhat similar deliverance, and it is more than likely that the reference is to the same occasion. The missionaries heard that the savages had attempted to put to death the only remaining Delaware Chief, Hockingpomsga, and the Chief of the Nanticokes together with six other Indians, but when they were about to be thrown into the flames, their friends arose, took weapons and sprang among the murderers, threatening to kill any one who would attempt to interfere. The hand of execution was stayed, but the victims did not feel safe or easy. For this reason, the most well-to-do among them secretly sent to the prophet a hundred strings of wampum, besides cows and silver. They were promptly set free on the pretext that they had purchased their release. This unsettled state of affairs continued until the beginning of May. It would have lasted still longer and many more innocent people would have fallen victims to the cruelty of the barbarians, had not one of the tribes revolted and with fearful threatening called a halt to the wanton bloodshed. For a time, it looked as if a bloody revolution would come to pass, but fortunately the matter blew over without any serious results.

On the twenty-third of March, the missionaries received word from the Indians through a trader, that they had no intention of hurting them, but that they should leave the Indian country as soon as possible. Though greatly alarmed, they did not want to go away before they had heard from the Indians in a more direct way. Accordingly Brother Luckenbach went to the assembled savages at Woapicamikunk and asked what their pleasure was concerning them. He was told that the white teachers were neither wanted nor needed; that strictly speaking, they had never been invited to come; that they had merely requested their own relations on the Muskingum River to move to them, but that the White Eyes, Kilbucks and other families, whom they had especially wanted, had not responded.

They boldly declared that the missionaries' teaching was not of God. It might be good enough for white people, but it would not do for the Indians. "We know what is right and wrong," they said, "and have no need that any one should try to tell us how to live. That may have been necessary in former days, but things are different now. Any Indian who allows himself to be baptized makes a covenant with the devil. The old Chiefs are no longer alive and whatever promises they may have made are no longer in force; they do not concern us. You may know, once for all, that no Indians will come to hear you preach the Word of God, so there is no reason why you should remain. But, if you insist on staying where you are, you are at perfect liberty to do so. You can do as you please and we will do as we please." With this Luckenbach had to rest content, and there was nothing for him to do but to return home. In the meantime, the murder of helpless victims continued.

Nothing but the grace of God could sustain the missionaries under the constant strain of these perilous times. After what they had passed through, and after they had been told by the young savages who hated them intensely, that if they decided to remain at their post, they would do so at their own risk, they were anxious to leave the White River as soon as possible. Among other things, Brother Kluge wrote to the Helpers' Conference as follows: "My poor wife is comfortless and in a pitiable frame of mind. The fear and terror inspired by the actions of the unbridled savages have so broken her down in body and spirit, that she positively refuses to remain here any longer. It is all that I can do to persuade her to stay long enough for us to learn the will of our brethren in the matter.

"No one can blame my wife for feeling the way she does. Being the mother of three little children who are dependent upon her, it is doubly hard for her to live under these terrible conditions. We can never tell how soon new dangers may arise and we shall have to flee for our lives. Brother Luckenbach and I feel about the same as my wife. And yet, being men, we are better able to cope with the many trials that beset us. In full confidence, dear brethren, that you must understand our distressing situation and will not take our request amiss, my wife

and I herewith most humbly beg you to call us away from this post. We assure you that we are ready to be used elsewhere in the service of the Lord, but we do want to leave here. With the sincere hope that you will not deny us this petition, dear brethren, we await with the greatest eagerness your answer. Believing that we may expect a reply by the end of July, one or the other will go to Cincinnati at that time to get your letter."

On the eighteenth of April, two white men brought a letter to the Indians from Governor Harrison, in which he strongly condemned their wicked conduct and especially their murder. He wrote:* "My Children,—My heart is filled with grief, and my eyes are dissolved in tears at the news which has reached me. You have been celebrated for your wisdom above all the tribes of red people who inhabit this great island. Your fame as warriors has extended to the remotest nations, and the wisdom of your Chiefs has gained you the appellation of grandfathers from all the neighboring tribes.....My Children, tread back the steps you have taken, and endeavor to regain the straight road which you have abandoned. The dark, crooked and thorny one, which you are now pursuing, will certainly lead to endless woe and misery. But who is this pretended prophet who dares to speak in the name of the Great Creator? Examine him. Is he more wise and virtuous than you are yourselves, that he should be selected to convey to you orders of your God? Demand of him some proofs, at least, of his being the messenger of deity. If God has really employed him, he has doubtless authorized him to perform some miracles, that he may be known and received as a prophet.

"If he is really a prophet, ask him to cause the sun to stand still, the moon to alter its course, the rivers to cease to flow, or the dead to rise from their graves. If he does these things, you may then believe that he has been sent from God.....My Children, do not believe that the great and good Creator of mankind has directed you to destroy your own flesh; and do not doubt but that, if you pursue this abominable wickedness, His vengeance will overtake and crush you. The above is addressed

*From Drake's "Life of Tecumseh."

to you in the name of the Seventeen Fires.* I now speak to you from myself, as a friend who wishes nothing more sincerely than to see you prosperous and happy. Clear your eyes, I beseech you, from the mist which surrounds them. No longer be imposed upon by the arts of an impostor. Drive him from your town, and let peace and harmony once more prevail among you. Let your poor old men and women sleep in quietness, and banish from their minds the dreadful idea of being burned alive by their friends and countrymen. I charge you to stop your bloody career; and if you value the friendship of your father, the President, if you wish to preserve the good opinion of the Seventeen Fires, let me hear by return of the bearer, that you have determined to follow my advice." The Governor's message was received with indifference and apparently made little impression.

Another horrible experience awaited the missionaries on the seventeenth of May. The baptized Indian, Thomas White Eyes, who had come with Charles Henry the year before, brought a large quantity of whiskey to the outskirts of the Christian village and the consequence was that a terrible carousal ensued. This lasted a number of days and nights, during which time one of the participants was killed. White Eyes and four of the wildest drunken savages, divested themselves of every shred of clothing and then rode into the mission settlement, with the most bloodcurdling yells. Two of them attempted to ride into Brother Kluge's house, and they might have succeeded had they not been kept back by two women hitting their horses on the head. At last the savages gave up the attempt. These and other brutalities filled the hearts of the missionaries and the children with fear and trembling. As soon as they could, they left the house and fled to the woods for safety. Brother Luckenbach, who had to stay behind to lock up the doors, and consequently was unable to go with the other fugitives at once, was discovered by one of the ruffians.

Let Brother Luckenbach tell the experience in his own words: "He demanded something to eat, but, told that the doors were all locked, and that there were no provisions at hand, except a

*Seventeen Fires meant the seventeen States which then composed the Union.

little sour milk in the ante-room, he was apparently satisfied with this declaration. The Indian seemed satisfied with the milk. But after he had drunk it, he insisted that I accompany him to the drinking place. This was refused. The savage then declared that if I would not go freely, he would compel me to go. Having wrestled together for some time, and finding that he could not overpower me, he became enraged. Seizing a hatchet, he brandished it above my head and declared he would dash my brains out. I thought it the better part of valor to go with him.

"The savage, swinging his hatchet, came on behind, crying aloud that he had taken a white prisoner. A squaw tried to wrest the hatchet from him, but he was too strong. On reaching his party, consisting of about eight Delawares, who were lying around a keg of whisky, and among whom I recognized one Thomas White Eyes, who also knew me well, the drunken savage once more cried out: 'Here I bring a white prisoner!' Eyeing him sternly, White Eyes said to the ruffian: 'That is my friend! If you do him the least harm, you will get into trouble with me.' Turning to me, he quietly asked me to take a seat. Taking away the hatchet from the Indian, he handed it to me, and said to the Indian: 'We like to drink whisky; but he does not, and I will not permit you to compel my friend to do a thing that goes against him.' Then turning to me, he told me to go in peace, which I was only too glad to do. I then went to the woods whither Brother and Sister Kluge and the children had fled. Toward evening, the savages left the neighborhood and before nightfall, we returned home, where everything was found unmolested."

CHAPTER X

THE STATION ABANDONED AND THE JOURNEY FROM WHITE RIVER
TO BETHLEHEM

The little congregation had dwindled down to but two Indian members, Theresa and Hannah, of whom the former continued faithful to the end, while Hannah seemed to think more of the honor of the heathen than the honor of God. Not having an interpreter since the cruel death of Joshua, the work of preaching the gospel was necessarily hampered. Nevertheless, the missionaries kept up the regular Sunday services until they left, even though the number of hearers was for the most part limited to the scriptural two or three gathered in the name of the Lord. During the early part of August, definite word was received from Bethlehem that they might leave the White River. In answer to this official communication, Brother Kluge wrote:

"Your letters of the twenty-first of May and twenty-ninth of June reached us at the same time. They came on the second of August, to our great joy and comfort, through Brother Luckenbach. I want to thank you most heartily, brethren of the Helpers' Conference, for your tender interest, your paternal care and faithfulness in our sorrowful condition. In your letter of the twenty-first of May, I learn that, under the guidance of the dear Saviour, our mission is given up for the time being, and that we shall leave the White River as soon as possible and move to Cincinnati, where Mr. Ziegler will look after our wants. We heartily wish that this might have taken place. But since Mr. Ziegler could not carry out your wishes, because, as he says, he had neither quarters for us nor a man with whom to send your letter, we are still at our old place, where we received your communication. Now, however, we will follow your directions to leave here at the earliest time, and we will proceed to the neighborhood of Cincinnati, where we will await your further decision.

"Although we earnestly longed to be called away from here, because of our dangers, I must confess that it is with a heavy

heart that I leave this post. When I remember the many difficulties, dangers and sorrows, with which we had to struggle all these years, and with how many tears and sighs we preached the atonement among these heathen, it is disheartening that our aim has not been realized after all. The poor heathen are still languishing in sin, reject the gracious gospel and, under no circumstances, want to yield themselves to Jesus; evidently they prefer to remain in the slavery of Satan. When I think of all this, my heart overflows with sadness, and I breathe one more prayer to the faithful Saviour for a gracious visitation upon this impenitent people. I cherish the fervent hope, that what we sowed in tears may some time bring forth fruit, and that in the end Christ may find, even in this nation, a reward for His sufferings.

"In your letter of the twenty-ninth of June, I see that you have been thinking of our future. In regard to the offer made to me and my wife, I would say that we have considered the matter carefully and find that we cannot accept your proposal, much as we would like to do so. The following reasons will explain our position in the matter: (1) It is difficult to find support for a family in Cincinnati; (2) Our sojourn there would be very expensive; (3) It is impossible to carry out your suggestion to go out from Cincinnati for the purpose of learning what other Indian nation might be found to which we could preach the gospel. It is very seldom that Indians come into the neighborhood of that city, and those that do so are Delawares. Apart from these, there live on the Wabash, and back of Fort Wayne, the Twechtowe, Pottawatimis, and the Kickapoos. These people are twice as far from Cincinnati as the Delawares, and never come there. Should I want to look for a suitable opening for the preaching of the gospel among these Indian nations, I would have to travel far and wide, and meanwhile my wife and children would be left to the mercy of strangers. Your plan might do for an unmarried man, but, under the circumstances, it is impossible for me to carry it out, much as I might wish to do so. Therefore, in my judgment, our sojourn in Cincinnati would be to no purpose.

"Apart from this, I can assure you that since we are here, I have learned a great deal about other Indian nations. The Dela-

wares are not the worst people when it comes to wildness, drunkenness and all other abominations. With the Chief of the Twechtowe or Miami nation I am well acquainted, have frequently preached to him the gospel of salvation, and often inquired if his people did not desire to have teachers come among them to preach the Word of God, and to teach them the way to eternal life. But unfortunately he always found objections to anything like this, and I have never been able to observe the least longing or desire in him or his people for the gospel.

"The few Shawnees who live in this neighborhood are for the present so carried away with their heathen teachers, that they do not want to hear anything but their foolish teaching. At the same time, they are full of suspicion against the white people. I must admit, that everything I have learned about the Indian nations mentioned and what I have ascertained from personal observation, gives me very little hope that the gospel would be received any sooner by them than by the heathen Delawares. And especially so because the Indian nations in this neighborhood are wholly given over to drunkenness. I therefore have confidence in you, dear brethren, that you will not think ill of us, because we cannot accept your proposition. We have no pleasure in it at all, for the reasons given above. We earnestly beg you to let us know as soon as possible, whether my family and I shall go to Goshen or come to you, because my wife is especially anxious to reach our destination before winter sets in.

"She humbly thanks you for your affectionate interest and sympathy. She wants me to assure you that any thought of her recovery is out of the question until she hears that we may leave for a place of safety. With the exception of Goshen, she would positively have no pleasure in going to another Indian congregation. It would be hard on her to travel about with three small children in the Indian country. She believes herself in duty bound to tell you exactly how she feels in the matter, and begs you not to think ill of her. She faithfully promises, in every other way, to be submissive to the will of the Saviour. With the hope that we will not have to stay over winter in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, we decided to sell our cattle, corn, furniture, house and everything else, and to keep our horses, which we need for the journey. Because we cannot get anything here for

our possessions except the wares of the trader, or horses, we have concluded to exchange them for pack-animals. We can use these to carry away our goods, and in this way we will be able to make our way to Goshen, where we can sell them."

Active preparations were at once begun to close up the mission. A trader was called in, and they agreed to let him have their cattle, horses, other live stock, some household goods, corn and other things in exchange for four good horses. This arrangement made rather expensive horses, but it was the best they could do under the circumstances. They made their preparations as secretly as possible, with the intention of announcing their departure just before they were to leave. But the Indians did not have to wait for a formal announcement. They learned quickly enough what was going on. The houses of the missionaries, half of their cattle and corn were immediately demanded. Old Hockingpomsga, the implacable enemy of the gospel, together with four kindred spirits, spent a whole night at the Christian village for no other purpose than to make the life of the missionaries miserable. They indulged in all sorts of fiendish suggestions and threats, one of them claiming that they were acting upon the advice of the President of the United States, who had authorized them to rob the whites who lived among them, and then to drive them off.

Hockingpomsga said: "I heard that you wanted to sell everything and to move away. That you intend to leave suits us perfectly. We never asked you to come, and we have long tried to get rid of you. We do not want you. The Indians do not need any one to tell them what to do and how to live. But you must not sell your houses nor anything made of wood, nor more than half of your corn and your cattle, because you have procured all that from our land." The missionaries were indignant and remonstrated, but it did them no good. The Indians became abusive and railed at missionaries in general and against Moravians in particular. When they told Hockingpomsga that he could have the houses, but that they would dispose of the rest as they pleased, he became angry and declared that he would forbid any trader to buy anything more than he had mentioned, and he would see to it, too, that the young Indians should keep a sharp lookout that his wishes were carried out. The

Chief of the young Indians was next appealed to, but he was still more unreasonable, so the missionaries had to yield to the unjust demands of the barbarians.

At last all preparations for their departure were completed, and they lost no time in leaving the place where, for five years and four months, they had sown in tears and reaped so sparingly. On the sixteenth of September, at high noon, they began their long, wearisome journey through the wilderness to Bethlehem. Four of the horses were laden with their goods, and on each of the other three was an adult with a child in his arms. An Indian guide had been hired to take care of the pack horses, but they had not proceeded far, when they learned that he was unequal to the task. They dismissed him and hired a Frenchman to guide them as far as Fort Hamilton. The following day they reached Woapicamikunk, where they found a heathen festival in full swing. They had no desire to stop there under the circumstances, but fearing they would not reach water before nightfall, they decided to stay at the home of a trader. They tried to sleep during the night, but this was impossible because of the terrible noise.

Early in the morning, a number of Indians called on them. One of them, the brother of the head captain, was extremely cordial, and said in parting: "Friends, I believe that your words are true, therefore, I hate to see you leave. At the same time I know that it is impossible for you to stay here any longer. There are too many Indians who hate you and your teaching. It seems as if the door was shut, so that the Word of God cannot penetrate the land of the Indians. For that I am sorry. But it will not be ever thus. The hostile Indians and their wicked Chiefs cannot live forever. The time may yet come when the Indians will want to hear the Word of God, and you will be called to return." Greatly encouraged by this friendly testimony and feeling that perhaps their strenuous labors had not been quite in vain after all, they assured their friend that they were indeed sorry to leave, and would be only too glad to return at any time, if there was a real desire on the part of the Indians for the Word of God. Thereupon they took their leave.

A narrow path led them into the wilderness. The horses could barely get past the brambles and bushes that tore the

faces of the missionaries and especially those of the children. Sister Kluge suffered a great deal because she had no hat. After they had gone their laborious way for four miles or so, they discovered that they were on the wrong path. Somebody had misdirected them. Crossing two large grass-covered plains, they again entered the woods. Here another trial awaited them. A large number of yellow jackets had built their nests in the middle of the path and sharply disputed the way, with some very stinging arguments, the force of which could not be denied. If a horse stepped into a nest, the result may be readily imagined. Surrounded with yellow jackets, and wild from their stings, the horses plunged into the bushes greatly to their own relief, but to the evident danger of the riders and children. In spite of it all, the pilgrims covered a distance of twenty miles a day.

At times food was very scarce. Occasionally they had nothing to eat but dried bread, and not much of that. On one occasion they were reduced to eating corn meal which the Frenchman had brought along for his dogs. Hazelnuts and wild plums were plentiful in places, and with these they managed to take off, at least, the edge of their ravenous appetite. But man's extremity is ever God's opportunity. When their food supply had been entirely exhausted, and there was apparently no other in sight, they were overjoyed to hear some one calling cattle home. Upon investigation, they found a family of friendly white settlers from whom they procured half a pail of butter milk, a piece of bread and a little pork. When within about twelve miles of Fort Hamilton, the French guide left them to shift for themselves, and returned home.

From here Brother Luckenbach went to Cincinnati, thirty-seven miles away. The object of his visit was to get the necessary money for the rest of the journey, some articles of clothing which had been sent there, and any letters which he might find for them. When he returned to the rest of the party, he had a letter from the Helpers' Conference, with definite instructions to come direct to Bethlehem. This piece of good news filled their hearts with exceeding great joy. While waiting for Brother Luckenbach's return, the Kluges were staying with a poor family living in a little house which combined bed-room and kitchen in one. Brother Kluge had the joy of being instru-

mental in leading to the Saviour a dying old man, to whose bedside he was called in the neighborhood. Here a little wagon was bought for sixty-five dollars, Brother Luckenbach giving his horse in exchange.

On the thirtieth of September, the journey was resumed. To their dismay they found one of their horses missing, as they were about to leave. Fortunately a man found it, but the transaction cost the missionaries three dollars. Their horses had been exchanged for such as were used to the harness. In many ways travel was made more difficult by a fearful drought, but, in other respects, this had its advantages. The waters of the Miami were so low that they could easily cross the stream in their little wagon. Drinking water was scarce. Some of the settlers had to bring it a distance of two miles, while they had to water their cattle still farther away.

By slow stages the pilgrims made their wearisome way eastward, passing through Chillicothe and crossing the Sciota. In this neighborhood they found a number of Germans whose children were unbaptized for want of a minister. They desired Brother Kluge to stay with them and become their pastor. Thence they went to Lancaster and in due time passed through Springfield and later through Zanesville. At the latter place they met a Kentuckian who was on his way to Shippensburg. Having no money, he offered to serve as their teamster as far as his destination. They gladly accepted the offer, and for his services provided him with the necessary sustenance on the way.

Several days later, they enjoyed the luxury of being entertained at a good German hotel. The hotel-keeper was well acquainted with the Moravians and had a number of friends among the Gnadenhuetten brethren. When he learned that the missionaries were anxious to send their pack horses to Gnadenhuetten, he volunteered to take them there himself, a distance of thirty miles. At Wheeling, they procured more money for their journey, a kindly Quaker merchant by the name of Updegraf being found willing to honor a bill of exchange on Gottfried Haga. Passing through Alexandria and Washington, they crossed the Dry Ridge, in due time reached Somerset and then Strasburg. From there they pushed forward by way of Carlisle and Elizabethtown, and finally, in the afternoon of the fifth of

November, they had the joy of catching their first glimpse of hospitable Lititz, so dear to their hearts. Friends and relatives received the weary pilgrims with open arms. Here they remained for about five days, when they once more resumed their journey, and at last, on the twelfth of November, they arrived at Bethlehem, where they were warmly welcomed by the Brethren. Thus ended their long journey extending over a distance of more than seven hundred miles.

But little more remains to be said. In some respects the work on the White River was unique. It enjoys the distinction of having been the first Protestant mission in Indiana Territory. As far as is known, there had been no Protestant missionaries so far west before. Hennepin, Marquette and others had made strong attempts to establish missions among the Miami, who originally occupied this region, but their efforts were even less fruitful than those of Kluge and Luckenbach. Even at that time the treacherous fire-water obstructed the progress of the gospel. The missionaries were always followed and frequently preceded by traders who exchanged their whisky for the furs and peltries of the Indians. It is not surprising, therefore, that conditions were still worse in the time of the Moravians.

Though other Moravian missions among the Indians had to be abandoned, none came to its end in the way the White River work had to be given up. At Shekomeko, New York, unscrupulous whites, finding that the progress of the gospel seriously hindered their liquor traffic with the Indians, stirred up false reports that the missionaries were Papists in disguise and secret emissaries of the French in Canada. Consequently the Assembly of New York imposed a license on "vagrant preachers, Moravians or disguised Papists" and demanded that the missionaries should swear allegiance to King George, which they declined to do on conscientious grounds. As a result, the mission had to be abandoned. Government interference likewise brought to an untimely end the flourishing little congregations of Gnadenhuetten and Pachgatgoch in Connecticut.

At Gnadenhuetten on the Mahoning the massacre of the whites by the Indians, and at Gnadenhuetten on the Muskingum the brutal slaughter of the Indians by the whites, broke up the mission congregations. There was nothing like this in connec-

tion with the end of the work on the White River. Here there was no government interference. On the contrary the government was in hearty sympathy with it. While it is true that Joshua and others were burned at the stake, this had nothing to do with the failure of the mission. At the time of the missionaries' departure, the little congregation had but two Indian members, of which one was even then more heathen than Christian. The mission, therefore, died a natural death. And yet, in spite of it all, the labors of the missionaries were not in vain. The Word of God has declared it. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him." Though they saw little fruit of their hard toil on earth, we believe that they are seeing it now.